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The Babadook

by

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Producer: Kristina Ceyton
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1 INT. MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT 1

Black screen.

A rumbling sound. It intensifies.

A woman's face appears suddenly in close up, shocked, disoriented. It is AMELIA (late 30s.) She travels fast, pinned back to what could be a car seat. It's not clear.

She is suddenly lifted up and around, her face tumbling as if in a dryer, 360 degrees.

The image slows down as she shuts her eyes. Bits of dirt and debris fly past her face. There's no sound. The effect is strangely beautiful.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)
(Nearly inaudible.) Mummy....

Amelia tries to open her eyes, she continues to spin.

Her face stops tumbling and comes to an upright position.

A skidding sound builds in intensity. Her hand reaches above to brace herself for the impact. She turns to look beside her. Time is stretched.

She sees a man staring ahead. He looks terrified. A light grows brighter. The skidding sound is almost deafening.

Amelia instinctively looks away from him, closing her eyes. The terrible sound peaks, then slowly recedes.

BOY'S VOICE (O.S.)
(CONT'D)
(Louder still) MUM.

Amelia hears the boy's voice for the first time. She opens her eyes as she 'falls' slowly back into space.

Finally, she 'lands'. There is complete silence.

Amelia is lying on a pillow. She looks at the ceiling, dazed. Her breathing is erratic.

BOY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
(Very loud) MUMMY!

She sees her six year old son, SAMUEL, bedside. He's small for his age, intense. A panicked look on his face.

SAMUEL
I had the dream again.

Amelia makes one mighty effort to get up. Her fluffy Maltese terrier, BUGSY, jumps off the bed with her. She scrambles to her feet, stumbling on the way to her son.

2 INT. SAMUEL'S ROOM - NIGHT 2

POV under the bed. The doona is lifted. Amelia and Samuel peer underneath. The doona is dropped back into place.

Black. Closet doors open, Amelia takes a quick look inside, Samuel checks everywhere. Amelia closes it.

Amelia is dark haired and wiry. Pretty, but nervous looking. Samuel's little face is white with anxiety. He moves back and forth from one foot to the other.

SAMUEL
Can we check under the bed?

AMELIA
(Patient) What did it look like?

Samuel shrugs his shoulders. He can't remember.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Remember what we said? If you can't *see* it, then it mustn't be real.

SAMUEL
It said it's coming to kill us both.

His comment unnerves Amelia. She recovers quickly.

AMELIA
(Very gentle) It's just a silly dream.

3 INT. SAMUEL'S ROOM - NIGHT 3

Amelia searches through the bookshelf. Samuel clings to her waist, not letting go. Bugsy follows them.

4 INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER 4

Amelia sits up in bed, Samuel in her lap, the doona surrounds them like a giant caterpillar. Amelia gives the book everything she's got, fighting her tiredness.

AMELIA
(In the voice of the wolf) '*Well I'll climb down your chimney you fat little pigs!*' And he climbed down that chimney, *straight* into the huge black pot . And *that* was the end of the *big-bad-wolf*!

She closes the book. Samuel is still anxious.

SAMUEL
Did they really get the wolf?

AMELIA
(Reassuring) I'm sure they did.

SAMUEL
I'm gonna kill the monster if it tries to hurt you Mum.

AMELIA
(Gentle) Nothing's going to hurt me Sam.

SAMUEL
I'll bash it to pieces when it comes.

AMELIA
Time for bed now, OK? It's very late.

Samuel flips the pages straight back to the beginning.

SAMUEL
Just one more time... Then I'll sleep.

He won't take no for an answer. She gives in to another read. Samuel snuggles in close to her, wide awake.

AMELIA
(As bright as she can) A long time ago, just yesterday in fact, there were three little pigs and one nasty big wolf.

5 INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM - A SHORT WHILE LATER 5

Little legs wrapped tightly around Amelia's waist.

Samuel's face tucked in behind his mother's. He's fast asleep, she's wide awake.

His mouth, chewing at nothing, grinding away. The sound goes right through Amelia. His breath irritates her neck.

His hand plays with her ear in his sleep. She peels it away, puts it by his side.

She unwraps his legs, making sure she doesn't wake him.

Amelia inches silently away from her son, her back to him. Samuel doesn't wake up. The gap between them widens.

Amelia curls up on the other side of the bed, her knees to her chest, alone.

6 TITLE - THE BABADOOK 6

7 INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM/BASEMENT/LOUNGE/KITCHEN - MORNING 7

- Bedroom. A blaring alarm sounds. A lifeless arm pokes out from under the doona, hanging over the bed. It's hard to believe someone could sleep through this noise.

- Basement. Child's hands grip a large hammer. The hammer is raised and comes down hard on a rusty nail.

Little hands pushing down on a join in two pieces of wood, testing it for strength.

- Bedroom. The alarm keeps going. The arm has not moved.

- Basement. A cricket ball is loaded into a large plastic cup, the cup is tied to a wooden plank.

A metal contraption being fitted onto skinny shoulders. Samuel grunts with the effort.

Samuel's serious face as he checks the apparatus.

His legs running up the stairs.

- Lounge room. Samuel's head pokes out of the basement, checking to see if the coast is clear. It is.

He pushes a key into the basement door, locking it up.

- Kitchen. Samuel's skinny legs standing on a chair, his top half obscured by an open cupboard door.

His hand carefully placing the key back on a key rack.

Samuel peers around the cupboard door, watching for his mother. He closes it quick and jumps down out of sight.

- Bedroom. The arm is still there. Alarm still blaring.

A crashing sound downstairs. The arm retracts quickly, like a crab in a shell. Amelia pops out from under the covers, looking like shit. She slaps the alarm off, listening. Another crashing sound, a bigger one.

She leaps out of bed, racing out of the room.

8 INT. LOUNGE ROOM - MORNING 8

Amelia reaches the bottom stairs.

Sam's catapult covers his body, comes up over his head. At the top sits a plastic cup with a cricket ball in it.

The lounge room is a mess, swords, toy soldiers and other 'boy war paraphernalia' everywhere. The big old tube TV has been knocked off its stand and lies on its side.

Bugsy is in the midst of it, barking, wagging his tail.

Amelia struggles with all her might to hold her temper.

SAMUEL
It's not broken! It just slipped.

She calmly walks to the TV, her movements controlled.

AMELIA
(Reasonable) I don't want you using the hammer and nails-

SAMUEL
Wait look at this! When the monster comes in the room-

AMELIA
Not inside the house Samuel-

SAMUEL
I push down here-

He pushes down hard, a lever rises and launches the ball.

AMELIA
Don't!

It smashes a perfect hole in one of the windows.

Amelia stares at the hole, imploding. Samuel's face crumples with anxiety.

9 INT. SAMUEL'S ROOM - MORNING 9

Samuel waves his hands in the air. He has his school uniform on finished off by a sparkly magician's hat.

Bugsy is jumping up and down and barking.

SAMUEL
Nothing in my hands. Nothing in my hands.

Amelia kneels at Sam's feet trying to do up his laces.

AMELIA
Stand still please..

He does. For three seconds.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I don't want you making weapons anymore.

SAMUEL
You have to look at me. Mum? It doesn't work if you-

She pins him with her gaze.

AMELIA
(Gentle) This monster thing has got to stop. Alright?

Samuel waves his arms about. Bugsy continues to bark.

SAMUEL
Nothing in my hands.

AMELIA
(Firmer) Samuel?

POOF! A beautiful bunch of paper flowers pops into Samuel's hands, seemingly out of nowhere.

Amelia smiles in spite of herself. She takes the paper bouquet. Sam touches her cheek very gently. She softens.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Closing her eyes) That feels nice.

Sam hugs her, she hugs him back. He kisses her cheeks, grips her tighter and tighter. She hides her annoyance.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Restrained) That's enough now..

Samuel won't stop, he hugs her really tight. She recoils.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Snapping) Don't do that!

Sam stops in his tracks. Amelia immediately looks guilty.

10 INT. CAR - MORNING 10

The car is a junk heap, inside and out. Takeaway coffee cups, lolly wrappers, plastic containers, kid's socks.

Amelia focuses on getting through the traffic. Samuel focuses on the back of his mum's head.

SAMUEL
If I fired nails into its chest, would that kill it?

AMELIA
(Miles away) Kill what?

SAMUEL
(Annoyed) The *monster* in my *dream.*

AMELIA
It certainly wouldn't make it happy.

SAMUEL
What about if I fired them into its head?

AMELIA
That'd probably do it.

SAMUEL
If I fired them into its chest-

AMELIA
Let's talk about something else, alright?

Samuel looks out the window. Amelia keeps her eyes straight ahead. Silence.

SAMUEL
(Quiet) If I fired them into its eyes, I could run away because it'd be blinded.

Amelia stares straight ahead, choosing to ignore him.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Mum?

11 EXT. SCHOOL ENTRANCE/INT. CAR - MORNING 11

The decrepit hatchback rolls to a stop, standing out like a sore thumb amongst the Mercs and Audis.

Samuel climbs over the front seat, just to kiss his mum.

AMELIA
Off you go. You're late already.

He climbs back over, grabs his bag. It's really heavy.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
What have you *got* in there?

SAMUEL
See you later alligator!

12 INT. CAR - MORNING 12

Amelia has very upbeat music playing full blast in her car bubble. She sings along without inhibition, happy.

She glances down, notices a small cockroach on her leg. She immediately stops singing, sweeps it away in disgust.

Then straight back into it, singing her heart out.

13 INT. NURSING HOME - MORNING 13

An ancient woman's sleeping face, her mouth hangs open.

Another very old lady, her head in her shaky hand.

Cheery music plays in the background. Despite this, the atmosphere is funereal.

An elderly man without his teeth in. He watches Amelia as she arrives with a warm smile and two cups of tea.

AMELIA
Here you go Ron. Nice cup of tea.

He takes the tea offered, chewing on his gums absently.

Amelia moves to the ancient woman, staring into space.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Speaks lovingly, close to her ear) And one for you Norma, that's got milk in it.

NORMA
What?

AMELIA
(Still loving) THAT'S GOT MILK IN IT.

NORMA
(Confused) I don't want milk.

AMELIA
(In her ear) YOU SAID YOU WANTED MILK.

NORMA
No, I don't want that.

AMELIA
NOT TO WORRY, I'LL MAKE YOU ANOTHER ONE.

Amelia gives the befuddled Norma a friendly smile.

14 INT. NURSING HOME KITCHEN - DAY 14

Amelia focuses on stacking the dishwasher, serious.

Robbie, a sweet, slightly chubby (male) nurse enters.

ROBBIE
Just where a woman should be, in the kitchen.

Amelia gets the joke, brightens up.

AMELIA
(Responding) 'Get to work, woman!'

They laugh. Robbie fills a mug with water and drinks it.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Do you want a cuppa?

ROBBIE
Nah, I'm heading for the Dementia ward.

AMELIA
You've got a few years before you end up there.

He laughs. Amelia smiles.

Robbie hovers. Amelia stacks the dishwasher, shy.

Robbie eventually puts his cup in the dishwasher and leaves. Amelia relaxes slightly when he's gone.

15 INT. NURSING HOME - AFTERNOON 15

Amelia is playing 'colour shape lotto' at the games table. One of the old ladies places a card on the board.

Pause. Amelia waits very patiently.

AMELIA
(Eventually) That's it Larry, your go.

Pause. He doesn't put anything down. Pause.

The woman next to him, head in hand, emits a low wailing sound. Amelia politely ignores it.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(To Larry) Same colour or same shape or both. (Beat.) I can help you if you like.

The woman's wail rises in pitch and volume. The players become agitated. Amelia can't ignore it any longer.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Very patient) It's alright Mrs Winter, you don't have to play. It's OK.

The old woman wails like someone being murdered. Amelia rubs her back tenderly, hiding every ounce of stress.

16 INT. WORK KITCHEN - AFTERNOON 16

Amelia is on her knees with her head inside an empty cupboard. She scrubs as if her life depended on it.

Amelia's supervisor Beverly arrives, irritated.

BEVERLY (O.S.)
Amelia.

Amelia bumps her head as she backs out.

BEVERLY (CONT'D)
(Curt) Your son's school is on the phone.

Amelia looks worried.

17 INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON 17

Amelia sits opposite the principal, a tired looking man in his 50s, and Sam's teacher, a dour, middle aged woman. The principal is grave, the teacher looks traumatized.

The principal lays down a sinister contraption made from a belt, with some wood, screws and nails attached to it.

Amelia's face falls. This is worse than she imagined.

PRINCIPAL
This is the home made gun he demonstrated in class today. It fires off nails.

AMELIA
Oh my God. Did he hurt anyone?

TEACHER
The nails could have gone right into a child's eye. Or worse.

Amelia studies the gun, parental shame creeping over her.

AMELIA
(Genuine) I'm so sorry. I had no idea. I'm going to have a serious talk with him-

PRINCIPAL
Mrs Vanek, we've had the talks, we've had the sessions with the counsellor... Miss Bowen can't have the boy in her class anymore without supervision, it's just too dangerous. (Carefully) We're going to have to employ a monitor for him.

AMELIA
A monitor?

PRINCIPAL
He'll still be in the class, but he'll be separated from the other children. The monitor will supervise him one on one.

AMELIA
All the time?

PRINCIPAL
Yes...

Amelia searches both their faces, becoming desperate.

AMELIA
Please. Samuel won't cope with this. He already feels so different.

PRINCIPAL
I understand your concern, but this is the only way we can keep him in school.

AMELIA
(Desperate) I'll have a talk to him-

PRINCIPAL
Mrs Vanek...

AMELIA
I'll have a serious talk and I know he'll settle down.

PRINCIPAL
The boy has significant behavioural problems. (Beat) Miss Bowen and myself realize you've had a rough trot so we've tried to be as lenient as we can...

Amelia's vulnerable demeanour shifts, her face tenses.

AMELIA
Sorry?

Uncomfortable moment. He treads very carefully.

PRINCIPAL
Sometimes.. boys.. can be very hard to handle when there's no father around.

AMELIA
Oh I see. I'm a single mother so I can't look after my child, is that right?

PRINCIPAL
No, no that's not what I meant-

AMELIA
Samuel doesn't need a full time monitor, he needs some understanding!

TEACHER
Are you saying I'm not understanding?

AMELIA
(Frustrated) I'm just saying he needs more care at the moment, that's all!

TEACHER
I have 24 other 1st graders in that class! Would you like me to put them all at risk for your son?

PRINCIPAL
Please, let's just keep calm here-

TEACHER (CONT'D)
I'm not a psychologist!

Amelia stands, defensive.

AMELIA
You know what? I think it's best I just look for another school.

PRINCIPAL
(Exasperated) Mrs Vanek, you can't just take the boy out of school. We'll have to inform Community Services.

AMELIA
You do what you need to do, and I'll find a school that sees my son as a human being, not a problem to be gotten rid of.

PRINCIPAL
That's very unfair. We're only trying to help the boy.

AMELIA
Please stop calling him 'the boy.' His name is Samuel.

18 INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - AFTERNOON 18

Amelia spies Samuel sitting with a 7th grader on a bench at the end of the hall. She can see he's been crying. His eyes are red and puffy. She approaches, bracing herself.

SAMUEL
(Trying not to cry) I wasn't going to hurt anyone...

Amelia crouches down. She chooses her words carefully.

AMELIA
(Very gentle) We're going to have a break from school for a little while.

Samuel's face crumbles, his mouth opens wide in a silent scream. Then the wail starts up. It's devastating.

Amelia takes his hand and slowly leads him down the hall. Her look of helplessness says it all.

19 INT. CAR - AFTERNOON 19

AMELIA
(Trying hard) I'm going to buy you a big tub of ice cream. What would you like?

SAMUEL
(Finally) Miss Bowen hates me.

AMELIA
No she doesn't. You just need a break.

Samuel doesn't respond, just stares out the window.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Beat.) We can see Ruby and Aunty Claire at the park today. Would you like that?

Samuel looks out the window, not responding.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
You can play on that swing you like. For as long as you like. OK?

He nods, warming up a little.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Don't tell Aunty Claire what happened. I'll tell her later...

SAMUEL
Are you gonna stay at home with me all the time now Mum?

AMELIA
(Smiling) We'll sort something out.

Her smiles sticks, but her eyes look worried.

20 INT. SUPERMARKET CHECKOUT - AFTERNOON 20

Amelia has vagued out. The 'beep beep' of the register just white noise in the background.

She sees Samuel performing a magic trick for a little girl near the bubble gum dispenser.

She pays as quick as she can keeping one eye on her son.

The little girl's mother arrives, looking relieved. Amelia rushes to Samuel at the same time.

LITTLE GIRL
Watch this Mummy!

SAMUEL
(Preparing) I can do it again!

The mother and Amelia register each other, smiling.

AMELIA
No Samuel, don't bother the lady.

MOTHER
(To her daughter) We've got to get home and see Daddy, haven't we?

The mother smiles at Samuel.

SAMUEL
My Dad's in the cemetery.

The woman's face drops. Amelia tenses.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
He got killed driving Mum to the hospital to have me-

AMELIA
Samuel! (To woman) I'm sorry he just..

MOTHER
Oh, that's.. I... (To Samuel) Well, isn't your Mum lucky to have *you* then!

She practically runs off, clutching her child's hand. Amelia watches them leave, embarrassed, sad.

21 EXT. PARK - AFTERNOON 21

Samuel climbs up onto the swing seat, looks to his mum.

Amelia sits on a bench with her younger sister CLAIRE, a 'young professional', immaculately groomed. Claire's 5 YO daughter RUBY plays close to her mum, a total princess.

Amelia watches Samuel, massaging her jaw, preoccupied.

CLAIRE
The artist was so *drunk* he vomited right in front of his own installation. We lost all these sales. Robert was beside himself... (Beat) You're not listening.

AMELIA
(Snapping to) No no I *am* listening, you lost all these sales. What happened then?

SAMUEL (O.S.)
MUM!

The women look up at Samuel.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
I'm gonna jump on the monster and break it in HALF! Watch...

He leaps. Amelia feigns interest, massaging her jaw.

CLAIRE
Is that tooth still playing up?

Amelia immediately stops massaging.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(Irritated) Go to the dentist.

AMELIA
Two thousand dollars later...

CLAIRE
Do you need to borrow some money?

AMELIA
(Bright) No, no it's fine. I just need a good night's sleep.

CLAIRE
Ruby don't play there sweetie it's wet.

Ruby stands up and smooths her skirt down perfectly.

AMELIA
(Tentative) I *was* going to ask you for one favour.. I completely forgot there's a pupil free day tomorrow. Would you be able to look after Samuel for the day?

CLAIRE
The whole day?

AMELIA
I can't get out of work.

Claire hesitates for more than a moment.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Bright) That's OK, I'll organize something else.

CLAIRE
..... Don't be stupid you dag. I can just put on a DVD for him or something.

SAMUEL
I can jump from here and smash its head!

He's climbed up higher, jumps, does a forward roll, gets straight up to punch the air. Claire is unimpressed.

AMELIA
(To Sam) Be careful. (Beat.) What would you like me to do for Wednesday? I can get their birthday cakes, that's easy.

CLAIRE
Meels.... I've wanted to tell you. I was hoping Ruby would change her mind...

Beat. Amelia waits for the bad news.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(Sheepish) She doesn't want a joint party with Sam this year. It's stupid I know, their birthdays are so close.

AMELIA
(Taken aback) Oh...

CLAIRE
She wants her own birthday cake, her own party games. She wants a princess party.

AMELIA
That's OK. We don't have to come.

CLAIRE
(Gentle) You can still come, stupid. She just doesn't want to share the day with Sam anymore, that's all...

AMELIA
I understand. A little girl needs to feel special on her birthday..

Pause.

CLAIRE
Now *I* feel bad.

AMELIA
You shouldn't feel bad! (Lying) I'm sure Sam will be OK with it-

SAMUEL
Mum, I can go really high!

They clock him briefly. Samuel climbs higher than before.

CLAIRE
Maybe you want to celebrate his birthday properly this year anyway. On the day. You've still got two weeks to plan it.

AMELIA
(Tense smile) We'll think of something.

Samuel climbs up to the very top. The women don't notice.

CLAIRE
(Annoyed) You know Amelia, I just want you to be happy, then this birthday thing rolls around and I end up feeling awful.

Samuel climbs higher and higher. They still don't see.

AMELIA
I don't want you to feel awful Claire. We'll be fine. We'll be absolutely *fine.*

SAMUEL
MUM! LOOK AT ME!

The women finally look. Samuel is on the top of the swing with his arms outstretched. He must be 8 feet high.

Amelia springs to her feet, frightened.

AMELIA
SAMUEL!!

22 INT. CAR - AFTERNOON 22

Amelia grips the wheel. Samuel in the background, crying.

Amelia makes a conscious effort to not react. Her jaw tightens as her son's cries get louder and louder.

23 EXT. AMELIA'S FRONT YARD - AFTERNOON 23

Samuel trudges up the path to their crumbling, falling down old terrace. His face is tear stained.

Amelia stops at the letter box. A bunch of bills, one has FINAL NOTICE written on the outside. She throws them in her bag without opening them.

Mrs Roach, a sweet elderly neighbour, waters her azaleas. Her hands shake with Parkinsons disease.

MRS ROACH
(Smiling) Who do we have here!

SAMUEL
(Downbeat) Hello Mrs Roach.

MRS ROACH
You look tired little one, have you been in the wars today?

SAMUEL
Yeah. Few wars.

He has the keys in hand, he unlocks and opens the door. Bugsy comes rushing out the door, jumping up on Samuel. Sam crouches down to hug the dog, then goes inside.

AMELIA
(Cheery, covering) He's had a big day that's all, he's just exhausted.

MRS ROACH
Poor little one...

Bugsy comes rushing up to Amelia, she picks him up, cuddles him affectionately.

MRS ROACH (CONT'D)
You look tired too love, are you OK?

AMELIA
Nothing that 5 years of sleep wouldn't fix! (Upbeat.) No, I'm fine, work's pretty busy.. (Changing the subject) I'll take out the rubbish for you Gracie.

MRS ROACH
You just got in pet. You have a break.

AMELIA
No no, I'll do it now and then it's done.

24 EXT. FRONT OF MRS ROACH'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON 24

Amelia drags out two very full and heavy OTTO bins.

Mrs Roach watches, smiling, her hand shakes at her side.

MRS ROACH
Oh! You're an absolute angel.

Amelia smiles, completely masking the events of the day.

25 INT. LOUNGE ROOM - AFTERNOON 25

Amelia sees Bugsy scratching at the basement door. She freezes, watching him.

Bugsy spots Amelia and scurries to her. She picks him up.

Amelia looks at the door, her face strained. Pause.

In a sudden move she strides over and checks the handle. It's locked. Relieved, she wanders out snuggling Bugsy.

26 INT. KITCHEN TABLE - EVENING 26

Dinner in silence. Amelia studies Sam.

He shovels food in weakly, his face tired and sad. He looks up to his mum, manages a smile.

She smiles back. It fades as soon as he looks away, replaced with worry.

27 INT. SAMUEL'S ROOM - NIGHT 27

POV under the bed. The doona comes up, Amelia and Samuel's faces peering underneath.

Black. Closet POV as the doors open. Amelia and Samuel do their nightly routine check for monsters.

AMELIA
(Bright) OK?

Samuel nods, but looks nervous. He has his pyjamas on, his hair is washed and combed to the side. Very cute.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
You can choose one tonight. Anything you like.

He races to the bookshelf, searching through many books.

One catches his eye. The spine reads *MISTER BABADOOK* in bold, black letters. He pulls it out, runs to mum.

She takes a look at the cover: a black silhouette of a figure in a coat and top hat. It looks a little strange.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Bemused) Where'd you get this?

SAMUEL
On the shelf.

He jumps up, opens the book.

AMELIA
(Reads) *'If it's in a word, or it's in a look, you can't get rid of The Babadook.'*

It's a pop up book. Looks like it could even be hand made. Amelia turns the page.

A pair of black eyes peep out from behind a door, a tall black top hat perched on top. It looks funny.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
'If you're a really clever one, and you know what it is to see...
Then you can make friends with a special one, a friend of you and me.'

Amelia pulls a lever, a black gloved hand pops out from behind the door, waving hello. Samuel's face lights up.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
'His name is Mister Babadook.
And this is his book.'

The book is beautifully done, but somehow creepy.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
We might read another one tonight, hey?

SAMUEL
(Turns the page) You said I could choose.

A little boy next to a big wardrobe, his hand to his ear. The words 'RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE' are written around him.

AMELIA
A rumbling sound, then 3 sharp knocks.
'ba BA-ba DOOK! DOOK! DOOK!'
That's when you'll know that he's around,
you'll see him if you look.

Amelia pulls a lever. The words Ba BA-ba DOOK! DOOK! DOOK! pop up. Samuel quickly turns the page.

Mr Babadook in his full form. A black top hat, a long black coat, pointy black gloves. The face is a mask, staring eyes, mouth smiling widely, more like a scream.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Wary) This is what he wears on top. He's
funny, don't you think?

Creepy more like it. Amelia turns the page, very wary.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
'See him in your room at night (reads to
herself) and you won't sleep a wink.'

Mister Babadook falls from the ceiling towards the boy. The speech bubble reads '*LET ME IN!*' The boy screams. The image is very disturbing. Samuel is instantly frightened.

Amelia hides the book from Sam, skimming it for herself, concerned. He struggles with her, trying to see it.

SAMUEL
Does it hurt the boy? Mum??

A black silhouette of the Babadook raising its arms like big insect wings. It looks freaky.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
(Getting scared) Where does it live?

'I'll soon take off my funny disguise (Take heed of what you've read...)'

SAMUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
(Anxiety rising to fever pitch) Does it live under the bed?? Mum??

'And once you see what's underneath..'

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
(Starting to cry) Mummy.....

She turns the page. Just black text on a white page..

'YOU'RE GOING TO WISH YOU WERE DEAD.'

She shuts the book quickly as Samuel's cries escalate.

28 INT. SAMUEL'S ROOM - NIGHT 28

Amelia patiently reads another story to Samuel who has his arms wrapped around her waist, howling with fear.

- A while later.

Amelia lies on her side, staring blankly at the large teak wardrobe opposite Sam's bed. The doors are shut. Moonlight plays across it, making it look almost alive.

Samuel is finally asleep. He scrunches her ear in his sleep. She lets him do it, too exhausted to resist.

29 INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 29

Amelia opens the *Babadook* book. The Babadook drops from the ceiling, the speech bubble 'LET ME IN' pops up.

She flips the page. The silhouette of the Babadook raising its 'wings.' *'And once you see what's underneath'*

She turns the page. *'YOU'RE GOING TO WISH YOU WERE DEAD.'*

She hurriedly turns to the next page. It's blank.

Then the page after and the one after that, all blank. She searches for publishing markings. There aren't any.

- Later. Amelia stands on a stool reaching up to top of her wardrobe, book in hand. She shoves the book back as far as it will go, out of the reach of little hands.

30 INT. LOUNGE ROOM - LATE NIGHT 30

The TV flickers, lighting up a dreary room. Amelia stares at it, comatose. The rest of the house is in darkness.

Bugsy is curled up in Amelia's lap. There's a large empty chip packet beside her. She's now onto the chocolate.

On the TV: a sexy young girl in a low cut dress nibbles some chocolate. A handsome, muscly young guy watches her.

Amelia nibbles her chocolate, vagued out. She flicks the channel.

An ad for phone porn, young girls with their private parts covered by 'stars.'

She changes it quickly, this time resting on a love scene from an old black and white Hollywood movie.

Amelia opens and closes her jaw, massaging the hinge joint, a longing in her eyes as the lovers kiss. She turns it off, plunging the room into eerie darkness.

31 INT. HALLWAY - LATE NIGHT 31

The old house is completely dark. The stairs creak as Amelia climbs them.

She closes the door on Bugsy. He hangs around outside.

32 INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM/SAMUEL'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT 32

- Amelia's room. A sewing basket in Amelia's hands. She takes off a top layer of fabric, then a layer of thread. Finally she pulls out a vibrator hiding underneath.

She takes a look at the door then jumps into bed. The room is dark, just a sliver of light through the windows.

Amelia reaches under the doona, wriggling around. She throws her undies on the floor, determination on her face. A hum begins, she closes her eyes.

- Samuel's room. He's having a nightmare, breathing fast. His eyes open suddenly. He peeks out over the doona.

The doors of the wardrobe opposite are wide open, a yawning blackness inside.

Samuel cranes his neck to peer in, terrified. He throws himself back under the covers, disappearing completely.

- Amelia's room. Amelia's flushed face pops out from under the covers, trying to bring on arousal, almost forcing it. The room seems alive, shadows threaten.

- Samuel's room. Samuel's pulls a slingshot and some metal pellets from under his mattress. He sits up, loads the weapon, then aims it at the wardrobe, not breathing.

- Amelia's room. Amelia is about to orgasm, a pained look on her face. She holds off for as long as she can.

Her door creaks opens, but she doesn't see. A creepy shadow drops to the floor and disappears. Her breathing is very deep, she's almost there..

The shadow jumps up on the bed. Amelia yells in fright.

It's Samuel. Amelia turns off the vibrator, flings it under the bed. Bugsy runs and jumps on the bed too.

AMELIA
(Flushed, confused) What!

SAMUEL
It's in my room!

AMELIA
What??

SAMUEL
The Babadook!

Amelia registers what's happening, shaking her head.

AMELIA
Oh no no no. This is *not* going to happen!

SAMUEL
The closet doors were closed and now they're wide open!

Amelia calms herself down, fighting her agitation.

AMELIA
Sam, a book is a book. It can't hurt you.

Samuel looks sheepish.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
You've had a huge day, you're exhausted.

She grabs the doona and throws it over the both of them, hugging Samuel to her, stiffly. She pats him on the back. Initially he struggles, but slowly, slowly calms down.

Finally, silence. He rolls over to look at his mum.

SAMUEL
(Loving) I don't want anything bad to happen to you Mum.

AMELIA
Nothing bad's going to happen to me Sam.

SAMUEL
I'm gonna protect you.

He touches her face. She closes her eyes, submerging her resentment, bringing herself back down to earth.

33 INT. SHOTS OF HOUSE INTERIOR - DEAD OF NIGHT 33

The kitchen is dark and empty. Mess everywhere.

The lounge room is empty too, it feels spooky.

Not a soul in the hall. The old house is entirely still.

34 INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM - DEAD OF NIGHT/MORNING 34

Amelia sits up in bed, unable to sleep. She's reading 'The Artist's Way', her eyes hanging out of her head. Samuel is curled up beside her, fast asleep.

She hears a distant sound, like someone running around downstairs. The noise concerns her. She listens for more.

Dead silence. Eventually, she returns to her book.

Another sound downstairs, a bit louder this time. Amelia waits to hear more. Troubled.

Nothing.

She shuts her book, and pulls the doona over her head, over Samuel's too, a little unnerved.

Amelia studies her son's sleeping face under the covers, trying to gain some comfort from it.

The image of her face 'speeds up' as she drifts off to sleep, it twitches and moves in fast motion as she sleeps her way through the fastest night ever. She opens her eyes, still under the doona.

SAMUEL
Mum! It's nine o'clock.

She hurls the covers off to find the alarm blaring away. She looks at the time. It is indeed 9 am.

She reaches for her mobile phone, on silent. There are five missed calls. She checks the last one. The word ‘work’ flashes up on the screen. She springs out of bed.

35 EXT. OUTSIDE THE HOUSE - MORNING 35

Amelia juggles her bag, her keys, Samuel’s things and talks on the mobile all at once.

AMELIA
He’s not running a fever anymore... My sister’s going to take him.

Samuel sneaks past with his catapult. Amelia catches him.

AMELIA (CONT’D)
(Covering the phone) Put it back.

Samuel kicks up a fuss.

AMELIA (CONT’D)
Put it back or it’s going in the bin.

Samuel’s shoulders slump, he takes it back inside.

AMELIA (CONT’D)
(Back to the phone) I’m sorry I couldn’t get to the phone, he was throwing up.... No worries, see you very soon.

She hangs up.

AMELIA (CONT’D)
No monster talk at Aunty Claire’s alright?

Samuel sulks, walking down the path, ignoring her. She runs after him and grabs him.

AMELIA (CONT’D)
Samuel. No Babadook, no nothing. Alright?

Samuel gives her a nod. She wins.

36 EXT. OUTSIDE CLAIRE’S HOUSE - MORNING 36

Amelia carts Samuel’s things up the long driveway. She spots Claire waiting out the front of her semi-mansion.

CLAIRE
What have you been doing?

AMELIA
Sorry.

Samuel runs up behind her.

CLAIRE
Day off school hey?

SAMUEL
I'm not allowed back at school anymore. My teacher can't stand me.

AMELIA
That's not true!

SAMUEL
She told me! In front of the class!

Claire looks to her sister who can't look back.

CLAIRE
Is there a pupil free day today?

AMELIA
(Low voice) I didn't want to talk about it in front of the kids.

CLAIRE
So you lie to your sister. That's nice.

AMELIA
I just can't deal with it this morning. Please, I never ask you to look after him-

Samuel is showing Ruby some DVDs he has and is making explosion noises near her face. She flinches.

CLAIRE
Be gentle, will you Samuel?

AMELIA
Thanks so much for this. I'll be back at three on the dot.

37 INT. NURSING HOME COMMON ROOM - DAY 37

Amelia has a microphone in one hand and a plastic bucket with bingo numbers in the other. She looks frazzled.

The oldies are scattered on various tables. Most aren't listening, a few are asleep, some have their numbers out. Upbeat musak plays in the background.

AMELIA
Aaaannd, it's number eleven! Who has number 11? Legs eleven?

No one responds.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
OK, let's try another one...

She reaches in.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
88? Number 88? Two fat ladies?

After a long time one dedicated player holds up her hand.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Good Elsie. Another few days and someone should be able to call 'bingo.'

No one gets the joke. She reaches for another number.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Number 69? Not too much of that going on in here...

No one claims the number. Amelia pulls out another one.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
The next number is 5 billion. Anyone got that? How about 75 gazillion, anyone got that one?

Some of the sharper members of the crowd look confused.

Beverly pokes her head around the corner. She gives Amelia a disapproving look.

Amelia shuts up immediately. The musak keeps going.

38 INT. NURSING HOME KITCHEN - DAY 38

Amelia has her head in her hand, her eyes closed.

Robbie enters. She springs out of her contemplation.

ROBBIE
Beverly's not impressed with you having a sense of humour. (Beat.) Are you alright?

AMELIA
(Bright as she can) Yeah yeah, I'm fine. So how, how are you?

ROBBIE
You don't have to be fine you know.

Amelia smiles, caught out. She drops her guard a little.

AMELIA
I am a bit stressed at the moment.

ROBBIE
Why don't you go home? Old cranky bitch is going after lunch. I'll cover for you.

AMELIA
You'd do that? (Beat) You can have my pay-

ROBBIE
Don't be ridiculous. (Beat) You've got a sick kid. Life's too short.

AMELIA
(Smiling) You're so sweet Robbie.

He gives her a friendly touch on the shoulder, then drops his arm, but stays close. Amelia shifts in her seat.

Robbie touches her hand. Amelia pulls it away like she's touched a burning stove. They're both embarrassed.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Sorry-

ROBBIE
I'm an idiot.

AMELIA
No, no, you're not an idiot. Not at all..

ROBBIE
(Nervous) We should do something sometime.

AMELIA
(Tense) Yeah sure. I've got a bit on my plate at the moment, but we could have a cuppa sometime or-

ROBBIE
That'd be great. Maybe I can come round-

AMELIA
Yeah. Or go out. Maybe later, sometime.

ROBBIE
Great!

It’s almost too much for Amelia. Robbie senses it.

ROBBIE (CONT’D)
You go... Say hello to Sam for me.

AMELIA
I will...

39 INT. LARGE INDOOR SHOPPING CENTRE (MONTAGE) - DAY 39

- Amelia wanders aimlessly looking at the life teeming around her. A comforting distraction.

- Amelia sits on a bench eating an ice cream.

She notices an adorable baby girl at the end of the bench sitting on her mum’s lap. The mum tickles the little girl’s tummy. She bursts into peals of laughter.

Amelia connects with the mother, they share a warm smile.

The mother focuses back on her child. Amelia’s smile drops slowly, sadness replacing it.

40 INT. UNDERCOVER CAR PARK - DAY 40

Amelia gets into her car. She sees a man and a woman kissing in their car, opposite her. She doesn’t want to look, but the passion of their embrace draws her in.

The man whispers in the woman’s ear. She laughs, kissing him softly, then deeply, open mouthed.

Amelia watches, yearning, immeasurably sad.

The couple break apart. They happen to look her way.

Amelia looks down, not wanting to be seen. She rummages through her bag, happens to look at her mobile. 10 missed calls. She checks the sender. It’s her sister.

41 EXT. OUTSIDE CLAIRE’S HOUSE - AFTERNOON 41

Amelia arrives to a ‘scene’. Ruby is bawling, clinging to her mother. Samuel is curled up in a ball on the lawn, stressed and frightened. Claire’s face is a hard mask.

CLAIRE
Where have you been! You weren't at work, I've rung you a million times!

AMELIA
(Bracing herself) What happened?

CLAIRE
He's just scared the crap out of Ruby.

The little girl cries, her mother gently shushes her.

Amelia looks at Samuel. He's spooked.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
He insisted on talking to this bloody Babadook thing, *all day.* Just talking to the air. It even freaked *me* out.

AMELIA
I'm so sorry.

CLAIRE
You need to get him to see someone Amelia. It's not normal.

AMELIA
(Quietly) If you don't want him here for Ruby's party I understand.

CLAIRE
Don't be stupid. I just don't want to have to deal with this monster crap-

SAMUEL
(From the other side of the lawn, angry) IT'S NOT CRAP, IT'S REAL!

AMELIA
Don't talk to Aunty Claire like that!

She strides over. He puts his hands in his pockets, grabs something and throws it at the cement in front of her. It explodes with a bang. The women are stunned.

42 INT. CAR - AFTERNOON 42

Amelia grips the wheel, tense. Her eyes flick between traffic and son in the back seat.

AMELIA
Where did you get those firecrackers?

SAMUEL
You got them for me on the Internet.

AMELIA
Well that's the end of the Internet.

Samuel sighs. Amelia tries a much gentler approach.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Reasoning) If you keep talking to things that aren't real, Aunty Claire won't want you to come over anymore. (Beat.) Samuel?

No answer. Just stubborn silence.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
If the Babadook was real, we'd see it right now, wouldn't we?

SAMUEL
It wants to make us really scared first. Then you'll see it.

AMELIA
Well *I'm* not scared.

SAMUEL
You will be when it creeps into your room at night.

AMELIA
(Civil) That's enough-

SAMUEL
You will be when it eats your insides.

AMELIA
(Suddenly) I've decided you're not having your birthday with Ruby this week. No cake, no games, that's the end of it.

Samuel is crushed. Amelia keeps her eyes on the road, grips the steering wheel, her knuckles turning white.

43 INT. KITCHEN/BASEMENT (INTERCUT) - EVENING 43

- Kitchen. A pot of soup boils away on the stove.

Amelia stirs, focusing on the task. She looks up, and can just see Mrs Roach sitting in her lounge opposite, watching TV. The sight comforts her. She smiles, relaxes.

- Basement. Samuel's sparkly gloves clapping together.

Stuffed toys all lined up in a row. At the end of the line, a photo of Amelia with her husband, OSKAR. They have their arms around each other, smiling.

SAMUEL (O.S.)
Laayydees and gentlemehhhn! Mum and dad!

Samuel has his magician outfit on, sparkly coat and hat.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Life is not always as it seems. It can be a wonderrus thing..

He does a quick magic trick. It's good, he's got a knack. Bugsy is close by, sniffing around.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
But it can also be very trecheruss...

He throws two firecrackers onto the ground. They explode. Bugsy is spooked and hightails it up the stairs.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
(Talking to something we can't see) Don't worry dad, I'm gonna save Mum. I'm gonna trap the Babadook like this..

He runs to the stairs, and pulls on a rope. It tightens across the stairs like a trip wire.

- Kitchen. Amelia sees Bugsy push open the basement door and run through it. She's shocked to see that door open.

- Basement.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
When he's trapped I'm gonna KILL HIM!

A newly made nail gun is strapped to his skinny leg. He fires it off. Nails fly through the air like tiny spears.

AMELIA (O.S.)
SAMUEL.

Samuel flinches. He rips off his weapons fast as he can, hides them and bolts upstairs . He's in huge trouble.

44 INT. LOUNGEROOM - AFTERNOON 44

Amelia's face looks tight and strange.

Samuel is nervous, he jigs around on the spot.

She searches his pocket, he pulls away from her. She tries the other one, pulls out a key. He's very ashamed.

AMELIA
How did you get this??

SAMUEL
I was just putting something back..

AMELIA
All your father's things are down there.

SAMUEL
He's MY father! YOU DON'T OWN HIM!

A knock at the door. Amelia marches towards it, opens it.

It's Robbie, flowers in one hand, a present in the other.

ROBBIE
Just thought I'd see how you're going. These are for you.

She takes the flowers limply, not knowing what to say.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)
And this is for you matey. My mum always got me a model aeroplane when I was sick-

SAMUEL
I'm not sick.

Uncomfortable pause. Amelia's face burns. She's caught out big time. A huge wave of shame builds up in her.

ROBBIE
Oh. I thought you were si-

AMELIA
(Suppressed anger) No, he's not actually. The truth is, he's so disobedient he can't go to school anymore.

SAMUEL
(Indignant) You said that's not true!

AMELIA
How many 6 year old boys do you know Robbie who still believe in monsters?

SAMUEL
(Screaming at Amelia) I HATE YOU! (To Robbie) She won't let me have a birthday party and she WON'T let me have a DAD!

Samuel bolts up the stairs. His door slams. A terribly awkward pause.

ROBBIE
I'm really sorry... If you want to talk about it-

AMELIA
No, I don't. Thanks anyway. Thanks for the presents.

Robbie just stands there, looking at her, awkward.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Flustered) I wasn't expecting anyone over. The house is a mess.

ROBBIE
I don't care-

AMELIA
(Snapping) I care! (Beat.) Please, can you just go?

ROBBIE
I, I..

AMELIA
Please go!

Robbie leaves, embarrassed. Amelia shuts the door, completely ashamed of herself.

She looks up and sees the door to the basement wide open. She walks to it. Samuel has left the light on down there.

After a time, she forces herself down those stairs.

45 INT. BASEMENT - AFTERNOON 45

Amelia finds the crowded space in chaos. Samuel has pulled out all his father's things, a desperate attempt to connect. The sight of it all puts Amelia into a spin. She races around randomly stuffing things back in boxes.

She clocks the photo of her and Oskar, walks over, picks it up, puts it in her pocket, unable to even look at it.

She turns and what she sees makes her jump with fright.

Samuel has fixed a hat, shirt and trousers to the wall, using his father's things to replicate a person. A pair of shoes rest under each trouser leg. Oskar's violin is out of its case, propped up against the wall, as if the shirt arm were holding it.

Amelia's fright subsides overtaken by a terrible remorse that hits her right in the guts. Tears well in her eyes.

46 INT. SAMUEL'S ROOM - AFTERNOON 46

Amelia hears Samuel playing on a kid sized electric piano. It's good, definitely music, not just noise.

She enters the room, he stops playing immediately.

AMELIA
That was really good.

Samuel is mute. She walks to the bed, sits next to him.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Reaching out) Your dad could play like that. He only had to hear something once.

SAMUEL
(Short) I know. You've told me.

AMELIA
(Forcing herself) You can have your own birthday party this year if you want..

Sam shrugs.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I've made some yummy soup. Real, not out of a can. (Nothing.) And after dinner we can play Monopoly, OK?

She smooths his hair gently. He doesn't shrug her off.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
OK?

He gives her the smallest of nods. Amelia breathes a tiny sigh of relief.

47 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 47

Sam watches his mum taste her soup. She bites down on something. It hurts. She takes it out of her mouth. It's a shard of glass. Her tongue bleeds slightly.

AMELIA
Don't eat it.

Samuel stops. She sifts through her soup. Another shard.

She tests his soup. No glass. She looks through hers and sees more pieces. Samuel looks panicked.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Did you put glass in my soup?

SAMUEL
The Babadook did it mum...

He gets up. Amelia searches his face for the truth.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
The Babadook did it!

AMELIA
(Unnerved) You go and watch a DVD, I'll make something else.

He looks like he's about to jump out of his skin.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Firm) Just go watch a DVD Samuel.

48 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 48

Amelia fries some sausages. The TV is loud. She goes in to have a look.

Samuel watches a magician DVD for kids, his back to her.

MAGICIAN ON TV
Ladies and gentleman! Life is not always as it seems...

Amelia looks at Sam's little frame, so tiny sitting there. Her mind is preoccupied, suspicious of her son.

49 INT. STAIRS/AMELIA'S ROOM/SAM'S ROOM - NIGHT 49

- Stairs. Amelia trudges up the stairs. She sees the back of Samuel running into his room. He shuts the door behind him. Odd.

- Amelia's room. Amelia catches sight of something shoved under her wardrobe. She bends down to have a look.

It's a hammer. There's a broken glass next to it, shards of glass on the carpet. Her throat tightens.

She stands up, notices the bed. All the covers have been pulled off and are lying on the floor. Amelia moves in, spotting a photo in the centre of the mattress.

It's the one of her and Oskar. Oskar's face has been scratched out with a pen. Her eyes have been drawn over with black holes, the mouth drawn into a silent scream. She strongly resembles the pictures of the Babadook.

- Sam's room. Amelia storms in. She holds up the photo close to Samuel's face, shaking with rage and fear.

AMELIA
Do you think this is FUNNY!

Samuel's face drops. He runs straight for his catapult.

Amelia intercepts, trying to grab it from him. He wrenches it back off her, a genuine struggle.

She bends down to reason with him. He takes the chance to slap her hard across the face, then shoves her so forcefully she falls on her back.

SAMUEL
(Violent) DO YOU WANT TO DIE!?

Amelia is speechless. She watches Sam load the catapult. For the first time, she's genuinely scared of her son.

50 INT. KITCHEN/SAMUEL'S ROOM (INTERCUT) - NIGHT 50

- Kitchen. Bugsy jumps up, trying to reach Amelia's lap. She ignores him, scratching her head, staring into space.

The lights dip in and out. It makes her anxious.

Suddenly that pain in her mouth again. She feels the offending molar, wincing as she pulls and tugs at it.

- Sam's room. He sleeps sitting up with his catapult on, breathing too fast and shallow, dwarfed by his armour.

- Kitchen. Amelia scratches her scalp with her fingers, as if to relieve the pressure in her head and jaw. Bugsy tries to comfort her, but she's in another world.

- Sam's room. He wakes suddenly. Shadows in every corner. It doesn't feel safe. He looks at the wardrobe opposite.

The doors are open.

Sam slips off the bed. Mustering all his courage, he takes small steps towards the wardrobe.

- Kitchen. Amelia's fingers scrape against her scalp. The sound intensifies, the image so close it becomes surreal.

Her face, her eyes in close up, full of anxiety. The sound of her scratching becomes deafening.

- Samuel's eyes and face, framed by the catapult.

The dark closet yawns open, a deep terrifying hole.

He lifts his eyes and face slowly, following something we don't see up the wall and across the ceiling.

- Amelia hears a terrible crashing sound upstairs. Then Samuel screaming, as if he's being murdered. She leaps to her feet and is up those stairs in an instant.

51 INT. SAMUEL'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 51

Amelia finds the wardrobe, too heavy for Sam to pull over, lying face down on the floor. His clothes spill out underneath it. The room looks like it's been ransacked.

Amelia can't see Samuel. She runs to the open window, then to the bed in a panic, searches underneath.

Samuel is squashed right into a corner. He still has his catapult on. He won't come out, clinging to the bed post. She has to really take hold and drag him out.

She's never seen anything like it. His body is rigid in her arms, his face a picture of terror. It frightens her.

SAMUEL
(Over and over) Don't let it in! Don't let it in! Don't let it in!

He starts to hyperventilate. Amelia carries him to the bed and covers him with her body, trying to calm him.

Her eyes scan his pillows. Underneath one of them lies a book. She can see the spine of it.

'*MISTER BABADOOK*.'

Her blood runs cold.

52 INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT 52

Amelia throws the book down the stairs, pages flying.

53 INT. SAMUEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 53

- Samuel lies in a foetal position and sucks his thumb as Amelia pats his back, singing him a lullaby. Her voice trembles as she sings it. Samuel stares into space.

54 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT 54

Amelia is in the bath, her knees up to her chest, crying her heart out. She takes a deep breath, trying to calm herself. It doesn't work. She breaks out into fresh sobs, completely alone.

55 INT/EXT. KITCHEN/FRONT YARD/HALLWAY - NIGHT 55

- Amelia takes the '*MISTER BABADOOK*' to the table, opening it, becoming more agitated as she reads.

'If it's in a word or it's in a look, you can't get rid of the Babadook.' She turns the page.

The image of the Babadook falling on the boy in bed. The speech bubble 'let me in!' from the creature's mouth.

She slams the book shut, tries to rip it in half. It's too thick. Determined, she rips out a page at a time, tearing each one to pieces.

- Amelia shoves the remnants in the Otto bin, shuts it.

- Amelia carries the sleeping Samuel into her room.

56 INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT/DAY 56

Amelia watches Samuel as he sleeps. Bugsy is asleep in her arms, his front legs poking up near her face.

The power surges, the lamp light flickers.

That sound again downstairs. Amelia's face tightens. She listens for more, holding her breath.

Nothing. Just tight and tense silence.

Amelia moves in to Samuel, squashing Bugsy in between. She pulls the doona over her head. It covers the screen.

SAMUEL (O.S.)
Mum do we have to go to Ruby's party?

The doona is dragged down to reveal Amelia's exhausted face. It's suddenly morning. She stares at the ceiling, then makes a monumental effort to turn on her side.

Her hand comes out from under the doona, reaches to the floor. She picks up a present amongst the clothes and books scattered there. The paper has angels all over it.

57 INT. CLAIRE'S KITCHEN - DAY 57

The present is passed to Ruby who's waiting expectantly.

Amelia looks like she hasn't slept in years, dark circles under her eyes. Sam sits on her lap, fragile, withdrawn. His arms around her neck. She suffers it in silence.

The middle class mothers surround her, all perfect hair and white teeth. Beyond groomed. Kids running everywhere.

Ruby opens the present and is obviously disappointed.

RUBY
I've already got this Barbie.

CLAIRE
Well now she has a twin. They can go shopping together.

Ruby flounces outside. The other kids follow her. Except for Samuel, who stays exactly where he is.

AMELIA
Go on, off you go...

Amelia's aware she's being watched by the mothers. Samuel won't let go of her neck, burying his face in her chest.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Laughing nervously) He's just tired..

She peels his arms away. Samuel frets, starting to cry. The mothers give each other surreptitious looks.

Amelia pulls Samuel to her by both wrists.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Measured) Go-and-play-right-now.

Sam leaves, half crying, half whining, looking at his mum all the way. She tries to pretend nothing's happening.

MOTHER 3 gives Claire a look. Claire rolls her eyes then looks to Amelia who is staring right at her. Claire looks away, caught out. Amelia is hurt and humiliated.

Uncomfortable silence.

MOTHER 1
Claire tells me you're a writer?

AMELIA
(Nervous) Oh! Not so much anymore...

MOTHER 2
What kind of writing do you do?

AMELIA
(Awkward) I wrote articles for magazines. Some kids stuff but that was really just.. I've written a novel...

MOTHER 3
Would we have read it?

AMELIA
(Embarrassed) It hasn't been published.

MOTHER 1
Oh. Never mind...

An awkward pause. Amelia's face flushes with humiliation.

CLAIRE
She's very talented, she just needs to get back into it, that's all.

Amelia becomes very uncomfortable, the focus on her.

MOTHER 1
It must be very difficult. I do volunteer work with some disadvantaged women. A few of them have lost their husbands and they find it very hard.

Amelia looks at Mother 1, her face darkens.

CLAIRE
(Changing the subject) How's Richard's merger going?

MOTHER 1 (O.S.)
Oh! Good but his workload's ballooned.

Tight on Amelia, fighting a growing anger.

MOTHER 1 (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I've got the kids 24/7 it feels like.

MOTHER 2 (O.S.)
Tell me about it...

MOTHER 1 (O.S.)
I don't even have time to go to the gym anymore, it's ridiculous!

AMELIA
(Blurting it out) That's a real tragedy.

The mothers all look at Amelia, taken aback. She stares at Mother 1, her contempt obvious.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Not having time to go to the gym. How do you cope?

Pause.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
You must have a lot to talk about with those poor disadvantaged women.

Horrible silence. Claire gives her sister a death stare.

Amelia looks away, defiant, refusing to meet her gaze.

58 EXT. TREE HOUSE/CLAIRE'S BACKYARD (INTERCUT) - DAY 58

The large backyard is decked out with swings and a tree house. A clown entertains the kids with a lame trick.

- Tree house. Ruby climbs up to find Sam hiding there.

RUBY
This is *my* tree house. I say who comes here.

SAMUEL
I'm not hurting anybody.

- Backyard. Claire kisses the other mothers goodbye. Amelia fixes on the clown and kids.

MOTHER 1
You sure you don't want us to stay?

CLAIRE
(Cheek kissing) No that's fine. I'll call you when they're ready to be picked up.

The women give Amelia a half hearted goodbye as they leave, she returns it, embarrassed.

AMELIA
I can stay after and help you clean up.

CLAIRE
(Cold) I'll be fine.

Amelia doesn't go. The tension builds as they sit there watching the children play in the enormous backyard.

- Tree house.

SAMUEL
How would your Mum know if it's real or not? She never comes to our house.

RUBY
Mum told Dad she doesn't want to go to your house coz it's too depressing.

SAMUEL
The Babadook would eat your Mum for breakfast! It'd rip her arms off!

RUBY
(Scared) Shut up!

- Backyard. Amelia can't stand it anymore.

AMELIA
I never say anything bad to you or anyone. I say *one* thing and I'm an evil bitch.

CLAIRE
You were bloody rude.

AMELIA
She was so condescending! 'I work with *disadvantaged women*', give me a break!

CLAIRE
Shereen is a huge supporter of the gallery, her husband is one of our major investors, and she's my friend!

AMELIA
Those women look down on me.

CLAIRE
They feel for you in your situation!

AMELIA
They feel *sorry* for me Claire! There's a big difference!

- Tree house.

RUBY
I didn't want you to come to my birthday party anyway. My mum made me do it.

SAMUEL
Well, I didn't wanna come. It's boring.

RUBY
No one likes you. You make up stories coz you don't have any friends.

SAMUEL
I'm not making things up, you can't see things coz you're stupid.

- Backyard.

CLAIRE
I know what this is really all about.

AMELIA
Oh? What?

CLAIRE
As soon as anyone mentions Oskar, as soon as they even so much as *hint* at it, you can't cope.

This hits a raw nerve with Amelia, she covers it.

AMELIA
That's not true.

CLAIRE
I know he was the love of your life. And it is God awful what happened to him. But it'll be seven years Amelia, isn't it time you moved on?

Amelia struggles desperately to keep her feelings in.

AMELIA
I *have* moved on! I don't mention him, I don't talk about him. What strain is it on you Claire? I listen... I listen to your life, day in day out and you don't stop to ask me anything about mine!

CLAIRE
(Defensive) I *do* ask! I want to know how you are!

AMELIA
Only if everything's fine!

- Tree house.

RUBY
You're not even good enough to have a dad. Everyone else has one and you don't.

SAMUEL
(Getting upset) I do have a dad.

RUBY
Your dad died so he didn't have to be with you. And your mum doesn't want you.

SAMUEL
(Very close to tears) That's not true.

RUBY
Is so.

Samuel stands up, his hurt turning to rage.

- Backyard.

AMELIA
You don't come round to our house anymore.

CLAIRE
And you *know* why that is..

AMELIA
I ask and you never come round-

CLAIRE
(Snapping) Because I can't stand being around your son!

AMELIA
I can't believe you just said that.

CLAIRE
You can't stand being round him yourself!

- Tree house. Samuel lurches forward and pushes his cousin, hard.

Ruby is knocked off balance. She grabs at the air as she falls backwards right out the door.

Samuel face drops as he watches her fall.

- Backyard. Claire sees her daughter fall, turn mid air and land straight on her face on the ground below. It looks awful. Both sisters rush over.

Ruby stands up, in shock, blood pouring from her mouth. Slowly, surely, she starts to howl.

All the kids stop playing and stare. Some get scared.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Let me have a look darling.

She opens her mouth. A tooth has snapped off at the base. Ruby is hysterical. Blood spurts out.

Amelia sees her son at the top of the tree house. He looks scared and guilty as he climbs down.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
(Lashing out at him) WHAT DID YOU DO!

SAMUEL
(Very upset, to Amelia) She said I didn't have a dad! She kept saying it!

RUBY
(Through the sobs) He.. He... said the Babadook was going to kill you Mummy...

She howls. Claire picks her up and moves swiftly into the house. Amelia follows, shame and anxiety on her face.

CLAIRE
(To Amelia) That bottom tooth is an adult tooth! She's not going to get it back!

Ruby squeals. Claire holds her tight and marches to the front door. Amelia follows her closely.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Stay here and look after the children! Do you want another one to get hurt?

Claire's voice upsets one of the girls, the girl cries, this sets another one off. The kids are scared.

She charges out of the door with her squealing daughter.

Amelia turns to see a group of children in various states of distress. And in the middle is Samuel, completely lost. He rushes in to Amelia. She pushes him away. He runs to her again.

AMELIA
GET AWAY FROM ME!

Samuel stops in his tracks, shocked and scared.

Amelia looks at the crying children in front of her. Her stress reaching boiling point.

59 INT. CAR - DAY 59

Amelia drives fast, stuffing her emotions down.

A large cockroach appears on her bare leg. She violently sweeps it away. It goes flying into the mess at her feet.

SAMUEL
(Crying) Mum.. I didn't mean to hurt her. She wouldn't believe me.. Mum-meee...

He starts kicking the back of her seat to get her attention. Kicking over and over and over....

Amelia swerves to the side of the road, screeches to a halt. She flips her seat belt off, turns around.

AMELIA
There is no BABADOOK!

Samuel's anguish rising to fever pitch. He screams and cries, kicking the seat over and over.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
IT'S ALL MADE UP IN YOUR HEAD!

Samuel suddenly goes quiet. He looks to his right, seeing something Amelia can't see. He looks horrified.

SAMUEL
(To the air) Get out! (To Amelia) Mummy..

AMELIA
(Frightened) Samuel, stop it now...

SAMUEL
(To the air, terrified) GET-OUT!

He goes red in the face, as if he's choking. Amelia watches, immobilized by shock.

A middle aged couple stop and stare, concerned.

Samuel kicks and punches, thrashing his body around. He screams out in pain. Amelia desperately tries to help.

Samuel's eyes roll back in his head, his body goes rigid, his fingers splayed. It looks absolutely horrifying.

Amelia panics. She opens her car door.

AMELIA
(To the onlookers) Please help! There's something wrong with my child!

60 INT. DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY 60

An eye is checked by a sharp light. The pupil contracts.

A tongue depressor is put into the child's mouth.

A stethoscope against Samuel's bare chest.

DOCTOR (O.S.)
Cough now.

Samuel's throat showing the reflex of a cough.

Samuel looks to the doctor, an overworked, middle-aged man. Amelia sits on a chair nearby. She looks wrecked.

61 INT. DOCTOR'S RECEPTION/DOCTOR'S SURGERY - DAY 61

- Samuel waits on the bench, exhausted. The receptionist gives him a warm smile. He doesn't smile back.

- Surgery.

DOCTOR
I'd say it was a febrile convulsion. The brain gets overheated-

AMELIA
Yes, I know what they are, I'm a nurse.

DOCTOR
It always looks worse than it is.

AMELIA
I've never seen anything like that..

DOCTOR
He's obviously suffering from a high level of anxiety, very committed to the monster theory.

AMELIA
That's an understatement..

The doctor stops to look at Amelia, slightly irritated.

DOCTOR
All children see monsters.

AMELIA
Not like this. And it's getting worse.

DOCTOR
He could see a psychiatrist. I have some numbers. Takes a few weeks to get in.

AMELIA
Of course he needs to see someone. But can I just get something now to make him sleep? Just until I get an appointment.

The doctor hesitates.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Please. I haven't slept in weeks. Neither has Samuel. When we go home tonight the whole nightmare will start up again and I'm-not-coping..

He seriously studies Amelia, sizing her up.

DOCTOR
I can prescribe a short course of Benzodiazepine, just till the tests come back. These are very strong for children. Most mothers aren't too keen on them unless it's really bad.

AMELIA
It's really bad.

He opens his pad and writes out the script.

DOCTOR
They can make children feel uncoordinated, foggy, maybe some temporary nausea. They'll help him to sleep though, that's for sure.

He rips out the prescription and hands it to her.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
That's for one week. Half strength.

Amelia's face relaxes a little. Problem solved for now.

62 INT. SAMUEL'S ROOM - NIGHT 62

Amelia has a glass of water and the pills at hand. Samuel sits up, worried, looking at the pills.

SAMUEL
Is there something wrong with me?

AMELIA
I'm sure everything will be alright. These will help for now.

SAMUEL
Why don't people like me?

AMELIA
Why do you say that?

SAMUEL
Ruby said people don't like me coz I'm weird.

AMELIA
Sometimes people say things that aren't true.

Samuel doesn't look convinced.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
You just need to take your medicine, have a big sleep and not worry.

Samuel is suddenly very anxious. He clings to Amelia. She tries not to tense up at his touch.

SAMUEL
I don't want you to die.

AMELIA
I'm not going to die for a long time yet.

SAMUEL
Did you think that about my dad before he died?

The comment hits her. She slowly pulls him away from her.

AMELIA
You need to take these pills so you can go to sleep. (Bright) I've got the day off tomorrow. Maybe we can do something.

SAMUEL
Will these make the Babadook go away?

AMELIA
I think so. But you have to promise you won't mention it again.

He takes the pills in hand, looks at her seriously.

SAMUEL
I promise to protect you if you promise to protect me. Then I won't mention it.

AMELIA
Of course I will.

SAMUEL
Sometimes people say things that aren't true.

She looks him in the eyes, as sincerely as she can.

AMELIA
I *promise* to protect you. (About the pills) Come on.

He takes them, she gives him the water, he drinks it.

SAMUEL
(Anxious) Can you stay here with me?

AMELIA
Yes.

SAMUEL
I love you Mum.

AMELIA
(Tight) Me too.

Samuel's face drops with her response. Amelia tucks him into bed. He doesn't look at her, infinitely sad.

Amelia stands and looks at Samuel's back, a guilty sadness crosses her face.

63 INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - NIGHT/MORNING 63

Amelia sits on her bed, heavy with exhaustion.

Her face seen from above as she falls onto the pillow in slow motion. The pillow seems miles away. A lullaby plays on violin. Her face relaxes, her eyes close.

Finally she lands on the pillow, surrendering to deep sleep. A soft, unearthly light plays on her face.

After several blissful moments, the lullaby ends. Amelia opens her eyes and looks over at the clock. 11am.

She drifts up to sitting. It's quiet and calm in the room and outside. She stands, her face is tranquil, dreamy.

64 INT. SAMUEL'S ROOM - MORNING 64

Amelia sees Samuel lying on his bed with his back to her, completely still. She drifts towards him. His eyes are closed, his face perfect, like a doll's.

She leans in to check he's breathing. He is.

65 INT. HALLWAY - MORNING 65

Amelia shuffles down the hallway, yawning, content.

Three knocks on the front door.

She covers over her dressing gown, smooths down her hair and moves to the door, opening it.

There's no one there. She peers out onto the street. Not a soul. It's very quiet, strangely so. She stands there a moment, puzzled, then closes the door.

Amelia's almost at the end of the hall when it happens again. Three loud, sharp knocks.

She turns, strides to the front door, opens it.

Sitting on the welcome mat is the book of *'MISTER BABADOOK.'* Its pieces all glued back together.

The blood drains from Amelia's face. She bends down to pick it up. She looks on the street for any sign of life.

Nothing.

Amelia runs inside with the book firmly in her grasp.

66 INT. LOUNGE ROOM - MORNING 66

Amelia flips through the book, becoming more frightened as she goes. She finds a new page with large angry words.

'I'll WAGER with YOU, I'LL MAKE you a BET. THE MORE you DENY, the STRONGER I GET.'

She flips the page.

The boy in the bed has been replaced by a screaming woman. She looks like Amelia. The Babadook drops down over her, the words *'LET ME IN'* flying out of its mouth.

Amelia flips the page. The woman stands with arms outstretched. The Babadook's shadow rises behind her.

'You start to CHANGE when I get in, the BABADOOK growing right UNDER YOUR SKIN.'

Amelia's hands shake as she fumbles for the next page.

OH COME! COME SEE WHAT'S UNDER-NEATH!

She turns the page.

A huge shadow envelops the woman as she snaps the neck of a little white dog. The dog looks exactly like Bugsy.

Amelia flips the page, not wanting but needing to see.

The woman strangles a boy with her bare hands. The shadow holds her arms, forcing her to it. Amelia flips the page.

An image of the woman, her mouth open in a terrible scream. She slits her throat, blood spurts everywhere.

Amelia turns to the final page. Just text that says

'IF IT'S IN A WORD, OR IT'S IN A LOOK, YOU CAN'T GET RID OF THE BABADOOK.

67 EXT. BACKYARD - MORNING 67

Petrol splashes out of a can.

A pair of hands throw a lit match into the barbeque where the ripped up book now lies. It ignites quickly.

Amelia stands back as the flames rise, watching it burn.

She sees Samuel at the back door, trying to wake up. She shoots him a tense smile. He looks concerned.

68 INT. AMELIA'S HALLWAY/CLAIRE'S HOUSE - MORNING 68

Amelia is on the phone to Claire.

CLAIRE
She has to have a root canal and a crown.

AMELIA
I'll pay for everything.

CLAIRE
You can't even pay for your *own* dental work, how are you going to do that?

Amelia doesn't know what to say.

CLAIRE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I really have to go now..

AMELIA
(Blurts it out) Claire, I think someone is stalking me and Samuel.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
What?

AMELIA
A book turned up at our house.

CLAIRE
What are you talking about?

AMELIA
I threw it away. But someone glued it back together and put it on our doorstep.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
A book? Amelia I can't help you now-

AMELIA
I don't expect you to help, I just-

CLAIRE
If you're worried you should go to the police. I've got to go. (Hangs up.)

Amelia puts down the phone, crushed. She stares at her hands, black from the smoke. Silence.

The phone rings sharply, giving her a fright.

AMELIA
(Picking up) Claire?

There is a silence on the other end.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Growing tense) Hello?

Finally, a noise on the other end, but not a human one.

'*Bababababababa dook-dook-dook*'

The sound rips through Amelia. She slams down the phone.

69 EXT. OUTSIDE MRS ROACH'S HOUSE - DAY 69

A door opens. Amelia waits there, a vulnerable smile. Samuel is beside her, sitting on the doorstep.

MRS ROACH
(Lighting up) Hello love.

AMELIA
Hi Gracie. (To Samuel) Up you get Sam.

MRS ROACH
Oh he's alright. You tired little one?

SAMUEL
I'm exhausted Mrs Roach. I'm on drugs.

AMELIA
(Explaining) He had a fit yesterday. He's alright, but we've had to medicate him.

MRS ROACH
Oh, you poor little thing...

AMELIA
Gracie would I be able to leave Samuel with you for an hour or so? I've got to do something and he can't come along.

MRS ROACH
Yes of course. Are you alright?

AMELIA
(Upbeat) I'm fine. I normally wouldn't ask you to look after him-

MRS ROCHE
(Genuine) That's no problem at all-

AMELIA
Claire's busy. I normally wouldn't ask for help.

Mrs Roach reaches out taking Amelia's hand.

MRS ROACH
It's not a crime to ask for help love.

Amelia tries with all her might not to cry.

70 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY 70

Amelia enters, intimidated by the surroundings.

There are three policemen on duty, one older sergeant at the front desk, and two in the back who don't look old enough to be working. They all look bored.

Amelia shuffles up to the counter.

AMELIA
Hi. I want to report someone stalking me and my child.

SERGEANT
(Starts writing) When did the incident occur Madam?

AMELIA
It started this week.

SERGEANT
Can you tell us what happened?

AMELIA
Someone sent me a.. a children’s book.

The teenage cops stifle a laugh. Amelia sees it. The Sergeant gives them a quick, stern look.

SERGEANT
And?

AMELIA
(Directed at the two in the back) And it contained violent and graphic images of my child and me being murdered.

The two in the back instantly stop smiling.

SERGEANT
Can we have a look at the book please?

AMELIA
(Sheepish) I burnt it.

SERGEANT
(Deflated) You burnt it.

AMELIA
Yes.

SERGEANT
Well, unfortunately there’s nothing we can do about it.

AMELIA
He’s making phone calls to me as well.

SERGEANT
What’s he saying?

AMELIA
Nothing, he’s just making noises.

SERGEANT
How do you know it’s the same person?

AMELIA
Because of what he wrote in the book!

SERGEANT
The book you burnt.

AMELIA
(Defeated) Yes.....

She looks past the policemen in the back and sees a coat rack. On the rack hangs a long black coat. Perched right on top of the coat is an old fashioned black top hat.

Just like the coat and hat in the book.

Amelia looks suddenly frightened. The Sergeant notes it. He looks at her hands on the counter, black from the fire. Amelia retracts them, trying to remain composed.

She straightens her hair, the hair she didn't brush this morning. The Sergeant doesn't take his eyes from her.

SERGEANT
Are you having a hard time at the moment, love?

She looks to the hat and coat, then back to the Sergeant, trying to concentrate.

AMELIA
OK, thanks, don't worry about it.

She almost runs out.

71 EXT. OUTSIDE MRS ROACH'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON 71

Samuel trudges towards his mum coming down the path.

MRS ROACH
Did you get your things done?

Amelia nods, trying to appear relaxed.

SAMUEL
Mrs Roach has Parkingsuns, that's why she shakes all the time like she's dancing.

AMELIA
Samuel-

SAMUEL
It might get worse but it won't get better-

AMELIA
You don't have to say everything that comes into your head!

MRS ROACH
It's alright love. He wanted to know, so we talked about it.

Amelia checks herself. Samuel trudges back home, tired.

MRS ROACH (CONT'D)
He sees things as they are, that one. His dad was the same, always spoke his mind.

AMELIA
(Snapping) I'd rather not talk about his dad. It's been seven years!

She walks off without a goodbye. Mrs Roach looks after Amelia, concerned by her uncharacteristic response.

72 INT. LOUNGE ROOM/KITCHEN/HALLWAY - DAY 72

- Amelia passes Samuel lying on the couch, already half asleep. Her tooth is giving her a massive migraine.

- Bugsy is in the kitchen, barking nonstop. She tries to move closer to him, he runs straight past her outside.

It looks like a bomb's gone off. Food in the sink, mess everywhere. She pauses for a moment, overwhelmed.

Something tickles her arm. It's a cockroach. She jumps, flicking it off in disgust. It falls to the floor.

She notices another one on the floor nearby. Then another. About six or seven of the bastards. They seem to be coming from behind the fridge.

Amelia pulls the fridge out from the wall. The wallpaper is torn in one place. A cockroach pops out of it. It disgusts her. She starts to peel back the paper.

A hole in the wall. It's filled with cockroaches. They crawl out, some dropping at her feet. She has to stop from vomiting as she runs for a broom.

Samuel appears at the door.

AMELIA
Don't come in here!

- Later. The contents of the fridge have been turfed out onto the benches. It looks even messier than before.

Amelia has an old dress on and large rubber gloves. She looks completely dishevelled, manically cleaning.

Suddenly, three knocks at the door. Amelia freezes.

A pause. The three knocks come again.

She creeps past a sleeping Samuel on the couch, towards the front door, her broom as a weapon.

Amelia looks through the peephole.

Two strangers at the door, a man and a woman.

Amelia opens the door.

The people look Amelia up and down. The old dress, the gloves, her dishevelled hair.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Terse) I don't want to buy anything.

WELFARE MAN
Are you Amelia Vanek?

AMELIA
(Suddenly nervous) Yes.

WELFARE MAN
I'm Warren Newton and this is Prue Flannery from the Department of Community Services. The Babbage Bay Primary School has asked us to stop in and say hello.

AMELIA
My son has only been away two days.

WELFARE MAN
He's not actually registered at Babbage Bay anymore. If I could just come in, meet Samuel and get you to look at these papers, that'd be terrific.

Amelia manages to give them a feeble smile.

- Lounge room. The welfare pair scrutinize their surrounds, both noticing the smashed window, now patched up with plastic and duct tape.

Amelia is suddenly very self conscious.

Bugsy comes out, barking loudly. Samuel wakes up, groggy.

AMELIA
Bugsy! Sshh! That's enough.

Bugsy runs away when Amelia tries to pick him up.

WELFARE WOMAN
Hello Samuel. I'm Prue and this is Warren.

Samuel sits up. She puts out her hand, he shakes it.

SAMUEL
Hello.

WELFARE WOMAN
How are you?

SAMUEL
I'm a bit tired from the drugs Mum gave me.

They both look to Amelia with concern.

AMELIA
Not 'drugs', tranquillizers.

Their concern grows.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Quickly) From the doctor. He had a fit yesterday.

Bugsy barks, Amelia tries to grab him, he runs outside.

SAMUEL
I feel really tired akshally.

WELFARE WOMAN
That's no good.

The welfare woman throws Amelia a disapproving glance. She looks into the kitchen chaos.

WELFARE WOMAN (CONT'D)
(To Amelia) May I have a glass of water?

AMELIA
Yes, of course. I'll just get you one.

Amelia darts into the kitchen. The welfare people follow. They notice a mound of wallpaper on the floor.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
It's a real mess, I know. I've just found a cockroach infestation. I normally keep the house sprayed, I DID spray it already actually! There's a big hole in the wall behind the fridge, that's why I..

Amelia shows them to the area behind the fridge.

There's no hole in the wall, just a mound of wallpaper at their feet. No cockroaches. Amelia is gob smacked.

The two welfare people sneak a look at each other.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I didn't mean a hole in the *wall*, there was a hole in the wall *paper*. They were laying their eggs in there, I think.

She smiles, very nervous. They smile back, politely.

WELFARE MAN
We've caught you at a bad time. I'll leave some information for you to read over, we can come back in a week to talk through your options. Here's my card.

SAMUEL (O.S.)
Mum.

All three adults look to Samuel.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
I think I'm gonna vomit.

73 INT/EXT. OUTSIDE HOUSE/LOUNGE ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON 73

- Outside. Amelia stuffs all the wallpaper in the bin.

- Lounge room, soon after. Samuel is once again fast asleep on the couch. It's just starting to get dark.

74 INT. KITCHEN/LOUNGE ROOM - EVENING 74

Amelia is washing dishes. She can see Mrs Roach watching TV in her lounge room. She smiles, comforted by the familiar sight. Time stretches.

She looks into the soapy water. The splashing sound, the warmth calms her. She pulls out a plate, looks up again.

Standing in the shadows, behind Mrs Roach, is the half visible form of the Babadook. The black shadowy coat, the tall top hat, the long black gloves can just be seen.

It appears to be looking right at her.

Amelia drops the plate into the sink.

SAMUEL (O.S.)
Mum.

Amelia starts and looks at Samuel at the kitchen door.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
(Exhausted) I'm gonna go to bed.

AMELIA
Ah... It’s only 6 o'clock. Don’t you want to stay up with your Mum for a while?

SAMUEL
No..

He turns and leaves. Amelia looks back out the window. No Babadook. Just Mrs Roach sitting with a cup of tea.

She turns and follows Sam into the lounge, on edge.

AMELIA
(Desperate) If you go to bed now, the pills won’t work properly. You have to stay up for a while sweetheart.

Samuel sighs. He drags himself onto the couch again.

75 INT. LOUNGE ROOM - EVENING 75

Samuel finishes off a magic trick, his heart’s not in it.

AMELIA
What about another one?

SAMUEL
(Cranky) No Mum!

76 INT. LOUNGE ROOM/BATHROOM/AMELIA’S BEDROOM - NIGHT 76

- Samuel is on the couch half asleep, watching a video.

Amelia stares at the screen but doesn’t take it in.

She looks into the mess of the kitchen, fear on her face. She turns up the volume on the TV, Samuel stirs.

- Bathroom. Samuel is almost asleep in the bath. Amelia washes his back vigorously.

- Bedroom. Amelia reads. Sam barely has his eyes open.

AMELIA
...and lived happily in a beautiful palace for the rest of their days.’ THE END.

Samuel is asleep. Amelia stares at the end of her bed, the light of the lamp bleeding into the darkness beyond.

The lights flicker. The bedside light buzzes softly, then gets louder. Amelia flicks her arm out and turns it off.

77 INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM - LATER 77

Amelia lies wide awake in bed on her side. Samuel is out to it. She turns over, restless, staring at the ceiling.

That sound downstairs again. Only this time, it comes up the stairs and stops outside her door. Amelia freezes.

A slight scratching sound at the door. She starts to panic, the scratching gets louder.

She hears a whimpering. It's the dog.

She springs out of bed and opens the door, relieved.

Bugsy runs in, jumps straight up on the bed, finds a spot near Samuel and settles. Amelia jumps under the covers.

Silence. Darkness. Amelia's eyes flicking, nervous.

The scratching starts up again, only this time it can't be the dog. Amelia stares at the door unable to move.

The door clicks and moves open by itself. Amelia watches, her heart in her throat. The rustling, scratching sound moves *inside* the room. Amelia slips the covers over her head, terrified. She can't see anything now.

The sound appears to be moving closer.

After an age, Amelia pulls down the duvet, unable to stand it anymore. She peers into the terrible darkness.

Something large and black lurks in one corner on the ceiling. She can't make out what it is. Time stops.

The shadow scuttles quickly across the ceiling. It stops right above her head. Amelia is paralyzed by fear. She hears a rasping sound. The thing appears to be breathing.

Her hand reaches for the bedside lamp. Her eyes are fixed on the dreaded shadow right above her head.

Before she can get there, the thing drops down right on top of her. She sees its hideous, mask like face millimetres from her own; the black eyes, the mouth wrenched open in a permanent, silent scream. She takes a huge breath, as if breathing the thing in, terrorized.

Amelia switches on the lamp, springs out of bed and turns on the overhead light. Bugsy barks. Samuel wakes.

There's nothing there. Samuel sits up, trying to focus.

AMELIA
We’re going downstairs.

SAMUEL
Why?

AMELIA
Because we are!

78 INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT/MORNING 78

Amelia turns every lounge light on. She moves to the kitchen, turns the lights on there. Samuel watches, groggy. Bugsy follows Amelia, barking continuously.

- Later. All the lights still on. The TV is up loud.

Amelia tries desperately to stay awake, absently hitting the remote. Commercials, nature program, soap opera.

An old black and white George Méliès clip appears on the screen. Beautiful silent images, childlike but slightly disturbing. Just like the Babadook book. A weird tinkling lullaby accompanies them, seducing her to sleep.

She fights it, her head nodding forward and back, a drowsy agitation, desperate to stay awake.

The Méliès images stream in front of her. People dismembered, heads growing larger and smaller, old style cinema tricks. Strange and sinister.

Emotions pass over Amelia’s face as she watches, agitation, amusement, exhaustion, fear. Something is brewing. She jerks forward and back, her eyes heavy.

Her face speeds up. It looks bizarre. The tinkly piano music continues to play. And still she doesn’t sleep.

Amelia’s face returns to normal speed, she looks around.

The sun is coming through the windows. It’s already morning. She leans over. Something doesn’t feel right.

She looks to Samuel asleep on the couch, his back to her. Bugsy peers over Samuel, studying Amelia with caution.

She returns the dog’s stare, unblinking. There’s an eery silence in the room. She looks at the TV. It’s on mute.

Amelia suddenly lurches forward and manages to stand. She centres herself momentarily, then shuffles to the stairs.

79 INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - MORNING 79

AMELIA
(Into mobile) Hi Beverly, it's Amelia.

Pause. Amelia looks exhausted and strange.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Flat) I can't come in today, I think I've caught what my son had... I don't want to give it to anyone at work... Alright, give all my shifts to someone else, that's just what I need... I can't help it if I'm sick, what do you *expect* me to do?... You do that!

She throws the phone on the bedside table, sits down heavily on the bed, her head in her hands.

She lies on her side, pulls up the covers, stares at the wall, her eyes zombie like. They eventually close.

Silence. And finally, sleep.

SAMUEL (O.S.)
Mum....

Amelia's eyes spring open. She doesn't respond.

SAMUEL (O.S) (CONT'D)
I took my pills, but now I feel sick again. (Pause.) I need to eat something..

Amelia's eyes fill with resentment. She closes them.

SAMUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I couldn't find any food in the fridge.

Her eyes snap open, staring, cold.

SAMUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You said to have them with food.

Amelia's face hardens, a buried fury surfacing.

SAMUEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I'm really hungry Mum.

She sits up suddenly, facing Samuel. She looks odd.

AMELIA
Why do you have to talk-talk-talk all the time? Don't you ever STOP TALKING?

Samuel is taken aback by his mother's tone.

SAMUEL
I was just-

AMELIA
I-NEED-TO-SLEEP.

She looks fierce. Samuel is unnerved.

SAMUEL
I'm sorry Mummy, I was just hungry.

AMELIA
(Frightening) If you're that hungry, why don't you go and EAT SHIT!

Samuel backs away through the door, genuinely scared.

Amelia lies back down, pulling the sheets over her.

After a moment, she realizes with absolute shame what she's just done. It rattles her.

80 INT. SAMUEL'S ROOM - MORNING 80

Amelia arrives at the door, sheepish. She sees Samuel on his bed, head down. He tries desperately not to cry. His body tenses as she comes near, he's scared of her.

AMELIA
I'm so sorry. I don't know why I said that. That was terrible.

Samuel doesn't look at her. He starts to cry. It's heart wrenching, Amelia feels it.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
It's just... I've had absolutely no sleep... I didn't know what I was saying.

Samuel tries to stop crying, he can't.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I'll cook you something. What would you like? You can have anything at all.

SAMUEL
(Crying) I'm not hungry anymore.

She puts her arm around him. He wriggles away from her.

AMELIA
(Ashamed) I can understand you being upset. I would be if I were you..

Amelia searches for the right words to placate him.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
We need to get out of this house... Would you like to go to McDonalds?

SAMUEL
You said McDonalds is bad for you.

AMELIA
Once in a while doesn't hurt.

Samuel calms down a little.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
You can have whatever you want, alright? Even ice cream for breakfast if you want.

A long pause as Samuel calms down, thinks about it.

81 INT. MCDONALDS - DAY 81

Kid's party. The place is packed with screaming children.

Amelia looks around at the tacky decor. The sounds and sights are irritating, loud and bright.

Samuel sits in front of a large Happy Meal, dark circles under his eyes. He chomps away on his french fries.

Amelia gives him a warm smile. He manages one back. Things are better, the power of junk food has worked.

A stabbing pain in her jaw. Amelia winces. She reaches inside her mouth and feels her back molar. She massages her jaw, searching for relief.

82 INT. CAR - DAY 82

SAMUEL
(Very tired) Where are we going?

AMELIA
(Wired) I just wanna drive for a while..

Amelia feels an itch on her leg. She looks down. Her leg is covered in cockroaches. She recoils, desperately flicking them away. The car swerves, Samuel panics.

Amelia looks in the rear vision mirror.

A shadowy shape jumps onto the boot then the roof. She can hear it, pounding like mad, a terrible sound. She swerves all over the road, frightened. Samuel screams.

Amelia accidentally accelerates, heading straight towards another car. A screeching of tyres, a sickening sound.

Amelia is frozen at the wheel, shell shocked. Samuel is crying. It's a miracle they're not hurt.

A young corporate guy gets out of the other car, a brand new Audi. He inspects the damage, then runs to Amelia.

GUY
You ran straight into me!

Amelia looks at him with a blank expression, in shock.

GUY (CONT'D)
I just bought this bloody car! What were you doing?

The guy looks into the back seat, sees Samuel cowering.

GUY (CONT'D)
Oh! Driving on the wrong side of the road! With a kid in the back! You could have KILLED someone, you know that!?

The man's face looms large and terrible in the window.

She reverses the car suddenly and screeches away as fast as she can, leaving the man bewildered in her wake.

83 EXT. MRS ROACHE'S FRONT YARD/AMELIA'S FRONT YARD - DAY 83

Mrs Roach is collecting the mail. She sees Amelia and Sam getting out of their car, goes to say hello, but is stopped by the look on Amelia's face. She looks terrible.

Amelia checks the roof of the car. There's nothing, not a dint, not a scratch. Her face pales. She stumbles to the house, Samuel drags along behind, focusing on his mum.

Mrs Roach watches them as they disappear, worried.

84 INT. BATHROOM - EVENING 84

Amelia has a warm bath running and is sitting in it, fully clothed. She holds her knees to her chest, trembling, trying to calm herself down. She looks awful.

Samuel stands by, worried.

SAMUEL
Mum. Do you want me to call Aunty Claire?

She doesn't reply. Samuel edges closer.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
I can talk to her and tell her we had an accident and she can come over... Mum?

AMELIA
(Quiet) Aunty Claire doesn't want to talk to us anymore.

Beat. Amelia gets up and grabs hold of Samuel gently. She puts him into the bath, shirt, shorts, socks and all.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Soothing) It's nice and warm in here..

Samuel sits opposite his mum, very concerned. Long pause.

SAMUEL
I don't want you to go away..

AMELIA
(Strangely calm) I'm not going anywhere.

They sit opposite each other, in silence.

85 INT. ENTRANCE TO BASEMENT - EVENING 85

Amelia comes out of the basement, clutching the violin.

She clocks Samuel in the lounge and walks right past him without acknowledgement. Sam is shocked.

86 INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - EVENING 86

Amelia lies down, calmed by the violin tight in her arms.

Sam follows, climbing on the bed to stroke her forehead. She relaxes and closes her eyes, letting him comfort her.

A tender moment between them as Samuel smooths his mum's hair, suddenly the parent.

SAMUEL
Mum... I don't think we should stay here tonight. (Nothing.) I can call Mrs Roach.

AMELIA
We can't trouble other people.

SAMUEL
She wouldn't mind, I know she wouldn't.

AMELIA
I don't want you to call anyone. I just need to sleep...

Sam strokes Amelia's cheek. She relaxes, letting him in.

He accidentally knocks the violin with his knee.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Suddenly vicious) Leave it!

Sam backs away, sitting on an easy chair in the corner.

Amelia watches him there from the bed. Her eyelids open and close, she gives in to sleep, shutting out her son.

87 INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - EVENING 87

A short while later. The last rays of light are dying in the room, they play on the curtains, shadows form.

Creepy.

Amelia's sleeping face. Whispering voices, barely audible, envelop her. They sound demonic. Her face contorts from a nightmare. The whispers intensify.

Amelia's eyes snap open. The whispers stop altogether.

She sits up. Is she hearing things? She searches the near dark room.

Eerie silence. Samuel is nowhere to be found.

88 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - EVENING 88

Light is fading fast in the house. Amelia descends the stairs, straining to see.

The whispers start up again, taunting her. She stops dead in her tracks and the sounds stop.

She stumbles on, her face dark and troubled.

89 INT. LOUNGE ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING 89

Amelia stands in the dark lounge room. The whispers return, only louder this time, more threatening. She can't tell where they're coming from. It infuriates her.

She races into the kitchen, turns on the light, and rounds the bench.

She sees Samuel in his armour, whispering to someone on her mobile phone. He almost jumps out of his skin.

She rips the mobile out of his hand and looks at the screen, livid. Mrs Roach's name flashes up.

She tries to contain her fury as she prepares to talk.

AMELIA
(Calm as possible) Gracie. I am so sorry.

MRS ROACH
Has someone broken into the house? Sam said someone was trying to get in??

AMELIA
No. We're fine. Samuel's just being very disobedient. *Again.*

MRS ROACH (O.S.)
Oh! I was so worried!

AMELIA
I'm really sorry. I told him not to bother anyone.

MRS ROACH
He asked if you could stay the night, that's no problem at all-

AMELIA
(Very nice) No, we're fine. I have a small headache, that's all. I've got to go now though. I'm sorry for troubling you.....Yes, talk soon.

She hangs up, deadly silent, glaring at Sam.

He looks white as a sheet.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Tight) I told you not to call anyone and you deliberately disobeyed me.

Samuel lowers his head, anxious and scared.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Do you want to frighten Mrs Roach? An old lady who can hardly walk? Do you want to make her sick?

Sam is too scared to talk. This inflames Amelia more.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Exploding) Take that bloody thing off!

He takes the catapult off quick smart.

Amelia takes out her phone battery, chucks it in the bin, only half aware of what she's doing.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Beside herself) Is this the only way I can trust you won't embarrass me in front of the neighbours?

She grabs something from the kitchen: a large knife.

Samuel is freaked out by the sight.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Is this what I have to do?

She cuts the cord to the land line, shaking with anger.

SAMUEL
I'm sorry Mummy. I was just scared because the *Babadook* made you crash the car and then-

AMELIA
(Stopping dead) *What did you say*?

Amelia's energy darkens. Samuel's fear increases.

SAMUEL
(Frantic) I just didn't want you to LET IT IN!

Amelia snaps. She races to the cupboard. Keys jingling.

AMELIA
I'll make sure we don't let anything in, alright Samuel? Nothing is coming in here tonight. (Screaming) NOTHING!

She charges off to the front door, opens it, locks the security grill, slams the front door with a vengeance.

90 INT. HOUSE/SAMUEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (INTERCUT) 90

- Amelia locks the doors and windows, her face a mixture of rage and fear. She can't stop herself, slamming and locking every door, every window in the house.

Bugsy follows her, barking incessantly. She kicks him out of the way, completely agitated, driven.

- Samuel unlocks a case under his bed, pulling out hidden weapons. He listens to Amelia banging around downstairs.

- Amelia has locked up the entire house. In one last impulsive move, she throws all her keys out a barred, backyard window. Her rage has worn itself out. Now, she just looks frightened.

91 INT. SAMUEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 91

Amelia and Samuel sit on his bed.

Amelia tries her best to be nice. The intense pain in her jaw and head make it tough. She has the water and pills.

Sam is on edge, unwilling to take his medicine.

SAMUEL
(Hesitating) I feel sick.

AMELIA
(Civil) If you don't take the pills you'll feel worse.

SAMUEL
(Pleading) Mum...

AMELIA
Come on Samuel.

SAMUEL
I don't think I need-

AMELIA
(Suddenly threatening) I am the parent and you are the child. So take-the-pills.

Samuel takes the pills from her. He raises his arm.

The pills drop down discreetly into his shirt sleeve as he brings his hand to his mouth. A perfect sleight of hand that Amelia doesn't see. He takes a swig of water.

She opens his mouth, checks he's taken them.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Good boy.

92 INT. LOUNGEROOM - EVENING 92

Hysterical sound effects from a cartoon on the TV. Amelia is dozing. She jolts awake and looks over to the couch.

Samuel lies there on his back. His throat is cut. There are multiple stab wounds to his body. His dead eyes stare up at the ceiling, his face and body soaked in blood.

Amelia rushes over to him. She tries to scream, but nothing comes out, her face a horrible mask of fear.

SAMUEL (O.S.)
Mum!

Amelia looks at her son.

He is crouched on the sofa, ready to spring. He's perfectly fine, but terrified by his mother's behaviour.

Amelia slowly recovers, completely disoriented.

Samuel looks to her right hand, terrified.

Amelia looks to where he's looking.

There's a large carving knife in her hand.

93 INT. KITCHEN - EVENING 93

Amelia throws the knife in the drawer and slams it shut.

94 INT. AMELIA'S ROOM - NIGHT 94

Amelia sits on her bed, tears roll down her face.

Bugsy appears at the door. The sight of him comforts her.

AMELIA
(Shaky) Come on sweetheart. Come here.

He stays at the door.

Amelia goes to him very gently. He puts his ears back but lets himself be picked up. She strokes him tenderly, her fear dissipates. They stay there like that for a moment.

Bugsy suddenly bites her hand and jumps to the floor. Amelia watches him run away, in shock.

95 INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT 95

TV still on. Amelia brings two bowls loaded up with ice cream, marshmallows on top. She's trying way too hard.

AMELIA
Here we go!

Samuel looks at the bowls, his face is worried and tense. She places it in front of him, forcing a smile.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
There's more where that came from.

Samuel takes a spoonful, tasting it gingerly.

Amelia watches him eat, tense as hell. A sudden, stabbing pain in her tooth, her hand flies up to her jaw. It's getting worse. She massages, fear and pain in her eyes.

96 INT. LOUNGE ROOM - LATER 96

Mother and son steal glances at each other. The TV blares over the top of their silence.

Samuel's eyelids become heavy as he struggles with, then succumbs to sleep. Bugsy guards Samuel, watches Amelia.

Amelia channel surfs manically, not stopping to look at anything. She finally stops on the late night news.

NEWS REPORTER
... in the kitchen where he beheaded his sister, reportedly a day after her birthday. She had just turned seven.

Amelia watches, horrified. Images of a normal suburban house, cordoned off, police on the scene.

NEWS REPORTER (CONT'D)
Her teenage brother remained inside where he was eventually shot dead by police.

Amelia sees police on the TV pass by a window of the house. What she sees next chills her to the bone.

There is a clear image of Amelia herself looking out from the window of this suburban house, smiling a disturbing smile. Amelia tries to comprehend what she sees.

Suddenly, all the lights snap off, plunging the house into darkness.

Amelia's breathing hardens. Her eyes focus on the couch. Samuel is no longer on it. Her panic increases.

AMELIA
(Whispering) Samuel...

Samuel is suddenly beside her. It frightens her.

SAMUEL
(Eyes closed) Wake up Mummy.

She can see his eyes are closed.

AMELIA
Darling, you're the one who's asleep.

He stands there for some time, then drifts towards the basement door, eyes still closed.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Don't go down there..

He opens the door. A light comes on down there. Samuel disappears down the stairs.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Moving after him) It's not safe!

She stands at the top of the basement stairs watching Sam descend. She's confused by the light being on down there. It draws her down, into the bowels of the house.

97 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 97

Amelia arrives to a basement completely clear of clutter. The most beautiful, ethereal light transforms it.

Samuel is nowhere to be found. Amelia steps into the light and is calmed by it.

Out of the shadows steps the man from the photo. Amelia's husband, Oskar, a handsome man in his forties.

Amelia's face drops when she sees him. Her eyes spontaneously fill with tears. She races in to him.

They stay like that for a long time, holding each other. Amelia cries in disbelief, her emotions overwhelming her.

He kisses her, he's real. She melts into him, letting go into one exquisite moment.

AMELIA
(Overwhelmed) I thought you were dead..

OSKAR
We can be together sweetheart...

She hugs him tighter, in complete disbelief. Long pause.

OSKAR (CONT'D)
You just need to bring me the boy.

Amelia feels a sudden chill run over her and pulls back from her husband. It suddenly doesn't feel right.

The beautiful light has disappeared. Deep shadows fall across Oskar's face. He looks strange.

AMELIA
You mean Samuel..

OSKAR
(His voice distorts) You can bring me the boy... You can bring me the boy...

AMELIA
Stop calling him the boy.

Amelia looks down to Oskar's hands. There's nothing at the end of his sleeves. She tries to comprehend it. A rumbling sound starts up.

OSKAR
(Distorted) I think it's going to rain.

She looks up.

A razor thin line of blood forms a diagonal line from one ear across to his jaw on the other side.

AMELIA
(Terrified) No....

Amelia bolts up those stairs as fast as she can.

98 INT. LOUNGE ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT 98

- Amelia enters the lounge room. The lights have returned, flickering on and off. The TV is on static.

Amelia watches the overhead light flare up. The bulb smashes. Complete darkness. A hideous silence.

Amelia senses something behind her in the kitchen. She turns slowly and is met with her worst nightmare.

At the far corner of the kitchen, about 15 metres away, is a hideous silhouette in the darkness. A large black coat, pointy black gloves and a tall black hat.

Then she hears it. A terrifying, insect like noise as the thing glides straight towards her. It stops, towering over her. She can't make out any details, but she can feel it looking at her, suspended in terror.

She suddenly tears up those stairs, taking two at a time, racing into the first open door she can find. The sound of the thing screeching after her.

99 INT. SAMUEL'S ROOM - NIGHT 99

Amelia grabs a chair and pushes it under the doorknob, stumbling backwards towards the fireplace.

An awful silence, just the sound of Amelia's breath.

Something falls down the chimney and lands in the hearth right next to her. A black top hat.

Amelia goes into a panic attack. She crawls back towards the door, but her movements are slow and tortured.

She can hear something huge and hideous travelling up the wall behind her, then onto the ceiling overhead. An insect-like sound fills the room. Amelia can't bear to look up, lying on her stomach, frozen with terror.

Something drops down nearby. A black coat. Amelia starts to hyperventilate.

A terrible noise, flesh ripping from flesh. Something drops inches from her face. The ripped off 'face' of the Babadook, nothing but a hardened mask. Black sticky blood oozes from its edges, from the holes where the eyes should be, the mouth open in a permanent scream.

In spite of her terror, Amelia forces herself to look up to the ceiling for a split second, in disbelief.

An huge shadow fills half of the ceiling, a hideous shape with outstretched 'wings', like an enormous bat.

Amelia immediately looks away. She holds her breath, tensing up, belly to the ground, beyond terror.

AMELIA
(Over and over) It isn't real it isn't real it isn't real it isn't real..

There is an unbearable screeching sound.

POV from high on the ceiling. Something rushes straight down towards Amelia's back at lightning pace.

Amelia's eye in extreme close up. A huge bang, a terrible scraping, ripping sound. Her pupil 'bleeds' outwards till the whole eye is completely black.

100 INT. BLACK SCREEN 100

The sound of a TV up as loud as it will go. An informercial. Terrible, deafening, meaningless sounds.

101 INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 101

Sam hides behind a locked door clutching Bugsy. The TV is deafening even from upstairs. He's terrified. He unlocks and opens the door a sliver but doesn't venture out.

102 INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT 102

The back of Amelia watching an informercial. Something's not right with her. She breathes very fast and heavy.

Her face is revealed. Her eyes have a dead stare, the pupils like pin pricks. Her limbs are slightly distorted, rigid. She looks human, but there's something about her that just-isn't-right.

She sits as if resting for a moment in her new skin, her casual stare at odds with her bizarre appearance. She changes channels to 'Australia's Next Top Model.'

JUDGE 1 (O.S.)
She's a great girl, but she's too fat.

Amelia watches the program with a dead cool calm.

JUDGE 4
I agree unfortunately.

MODEL HOST
What about Cindy?

JUDGE 3
Cindy is *great*! She can do soft, she can do bold, she can do sexy..

Amelia cricks her neck, suddenly agitated. She stands and in a few jerky moves is up on top of the old TV.

JUDGE 3 (CONT'D)
I think she has a lot of extremes...

A stream of piss comes from between Amelia's legs. It runs over the TV screen.

Amelia's face as she relieves herself. She opens her mouth wide, clicking her jaw. She looks terrible.

103 INT. UPSTAIRS LANDING/LOUNGE ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT 103

- Landing. Samuel opens the door a sliver. Bugsy jumps from his arms and races down the stairs. Sam is beside himself, trying to call the dog back.

- Bugsy arrives in the loungeroom, bravely facing his opponent. He barks ferociously.

Amelia, still on top of the TV, regards the dog with casual indifference, her eyes dead.

She jumps down to the floor, squaring off at Bugsy.

A moment of stillness.

Bugsy is spooked and makes a run for it.

- Kitchen. Amelia chases Bugsy. The poor thing doesn't have a chance as she grabs it by the neck. He struggles, trying to bite her. It's awful.

Amelia's terrible face, the dead eyes, fixated on the task. The sound of Bugsy squealing in pain.

Bugsy's little legs kick in spasms. A ghastly snapping sound. The squealing stops dead, the legs go limp.

Amelia looks at the dog's corpse, emotionless. Her face suddenly scrunches up in pain, she looks broken. It's her molar. She yells dropping Bugsy's corpse on the floor.

She reaches into her mouth with her fingers, grabs hold in the back, wrenches the tooth from side to side, groaning horribly. She pulls and tugs, screaming in pain.

After an age it wrenches free. She looks at the bloodied molar in morbid fascination, blood pooling in her mouth.

Suddenly bored with it, she throws the tooth away.

- Lounge. Amelia stalks into the room. She instinctively whips her head up and looks straight at her son, his face peering over the bannister. He disappears, a door slams.

Amelia's jagged limbs move quickly, like a spider. She bolts straight up those stairs to her son.

104 INT. AMELIA'S BEDROOM/OUTSIDE AMELIA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT 104

- Samuel sits with his back against the locked door, key in hand. He hears Amelia's footsteps right outside. He freezes as she tries the door.

AMELIA (O.S.)
(Slightly distorted) Samuel.

He tenses, sits up to listen.

- Amelia on the other side. She clears her throat, tries to 'normalize.' The pupils in her eyes contract slightly.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(More normal) Samuel. Let me in. (No response.) Bugsy's hurt. We need to go get help..

Her voice sounds normal but her face is terrifying.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Samuel. Do you want Bugsy to die??

Samuel silently disappears out of frame.

Back to Amelia on the other side. Her mouth contorts with rage, her eyes devil's eyes. She pounds on the door, growing violent.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Samuel! Let-me-in! (No response) I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll BLOW YOUR FUCKING DOOR IN!!

She grabs the door frame with both hands, lifts herself up and slams the door with both feet. Then again, and again, over and over, till the door is kicked off its hinges and falls to the floor.

Amelia enters, looks around. No sign of Samuel. This infuriates her.

She moves in a jerky, powerful way, as if she has rods in her limbs. She looks under the bed, behind the curtains.

She hears a tiny noise, swivels around in time to see her son sliding down from the top of the wardrobe. His little frame running towards the door.

Amelia lets out a screeching sound, just like the Babadook.

Samuel stops and turns to look, terrified.

His mother glides straight towards him, a spectral sight. Samuel instantly wets his pants.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
You little pig. 6 years old and you're still wetting yourself.

He can't look at her, puts his hands in his pockets.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Cruel) You don't know how many times I've wished it was you not him that died.

SAMUEL
(Near tears) I just want you to be happy.

AMELIA
(Mimicking him) *I just want you to be happee!* You know, sometimes I just want to smash your head against the wall until your fucking brains pop out.

Samuel backs away from her, his fists clenched.

SAMUEL
(Low) You're not my mother.

AMELIA
What did you say?

Looking her bravely in the eyes. Those terrible eyes.

SAMUEL
I said *you're not my mother*!

She bends down to Samuel, her face evil, horrifying.

AMELIA
(Shrieking) I-AM-YOUR-MOTHER!!

Samuel throws a firecracker on the floorboards, then another. They stun her long enough so he can escape.

Amelia finds fresh rage. She bolts out after him.

105 INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY/SAMUEL'S ROOM - NIGHT 105

- Samuel pelts down the hallway.

His mother tears after him, screaming, her limbs disjointed and 'broken', moving fast like a spider.

- Sam's room. Samuel's hands shake as he puts on his weapons. His eyes are wide with terror.

Amelia appears in the doorway, huge and terrifying. She looks at him with a cruel fascination.

SAMUEL
GET AWAY!!

She laughs a hideous laugh, closing in on the boy.

He launches the cricket ball, it hits her in the face. She bends over, covers her face with her hands, groaning.

Samuel looks at his mum, very worried.

Amelia stands up, takes her hands from her face. She laughs, mocking him. She's not hurt at all.

Samuel fires his nail gun off in desperation, two large rusty nails land in his mother's shoulder. She yells out in pain. This time she's not pretending.

Samuel makes a quick getaway.

106 INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT 106

Amelia comes out raging. She pulls the nails out of her shoulder, looks downstairs, then up to the top rooms, which way did he go?

Samuel is behind her, hiding in front of a cabinet in the hall. All she has to do is turn around and he's dead. He stares at his mother's back, holding his breath.

There is a loud knock on the front door. Amelia pauses. Then she's down those stairs, hardly touching the ground.

107 INT. LOUNGE ROOM/FRONT DOOR/KITCHEN - NIGHT 107

Amelia lurches towards the front door, her face looks casually insane, and wholly evil.

A silent, swift blur of movement can be seen in the background. It's Samuel escaping to the kitchen.

- Amelia's deranged profile looking through the peep hole.

Amelia's POV. Mrs Roach is waiting outside.

Amelia's fingers clutch the doorknob. She's ready to rip that door off it's hinges.

- Samuel is horrified to see Bugsy's remains on the floor in the kitchen. He tries the back door. It's locked.

- Through the peephole: Mrs Roach waits patiently in her dressing gown, shaky on her feet. She hesitates to knock again. Her kindly face looks worried.

Something changes in Amelia. Her terrible expression softens. She lowers her head, her breathing slows down.

108 INT/EXT. - NIGHT - HALLWAY/FRONT PORCH 108

The door opens, Amelia stands behind the locked security grille. Her face is half in the shadows.

MRS ROACH
Sorry love, I know it's late. I just wanted to make sure you're OK...

AMELIA
(Clearing her throat) I'm OK.

MRS ROACH
I know this time of year is terribly hard for you. And I know you don't want me to go on about it, so I won't..

Amelia's face behind the screen. She starts to normalize with Mrs Roach's words, her eyes full of pain.

MRS ROACH (CONT'D)
I just want you to know I'd do anything for you and Sam. I love you both. You can always talk to me love. Always.

Amelia's face softens and saddens with every word. Her eye glints in the shadows, tears forming.

109 INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT 109

Samuel has just closed a kitchen drawer.

AMELIA (O.S.)
(Normal voice) Samuel.

Sam jumps. He turns sharply to see his mother at the other end of the kitchen. She looks completely normal.

Samuel watches her, caught between love and terror.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Genuine) I'm sorry. I said some terrible things. But I didn't mean any of them...

She takes a step further into the kitchen. Samuel tenses.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I understand you're scared.

Samuel watches her, very wary, but drawn in by her.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Remorseful) I haven't been good since your Dad died. I haven't been good at all.. I'm sick Sam, I need help.

Samuel's face softens. He listens intently.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I just spoke to Mrs Roach. We're going to stay there for the night.

Amelia comes closer. She kneels in front of her son. Her face is soft and terribly sad.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Do you want to do that?

Amelia puts one hand gently on his shoulder. Samuel nods.

Amelia's hand behind her back is twisted and clenched.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
I want to make it up to you Sam. I want you to meet your Dad.

She slips her other hand around the back of his neck, soothing him with her touch. He tenses.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
It's beautiful. You'll be happy there..

Samuel can see his mother's pupils don't look normal.

Without warning, he quickly raises a carving knife behind his back and sinks it deep into his mother's leg.

She looks to him, then to the knife, absolutely stunned.

SAMUEL
Sorry Mummy.

He's out of there.

Amelia stumbles onto her arse, looking in shock at the big knife sticking out of her thigh.

She reverts to something much more primitive than before. Her face distorts, a picture of madness. She rips the knife out in one go, yelling as she does it.

Samuel races to the basement door. He takes a look back.

Amelia lets out a blood curdling sound as she rises.

Samuel disappears into the basement.

110 INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT 110

Amelia pauses at the top of the stairs, then descends at full speed, screaming like a banshee.

A little hand pulls a rope, a trip wire forms.

Amelia's feet connect with it. She tumbles forward, hitting her head on the ceiling beam, hard.

She stumbles around, concussed. The room spins before her, she sees a brief glimpse of Samuel watching in horror, then the ceiling, the floor, out of control.

It looks terrible as she swerves and stumbles.

Sam has a baseball bat in both hands. He runs to Amelia and strikes her as hard as he can in the of the knees. She buckles and hits her head first on the wall, then hard on the concrete floor. The blows knock her out.

111 INT. BASEMENT - LATER 111

Black screen.

The sound of very fast, shallow breathing. The ceiling comes into focus, one dingy light overhead.

Amelia in profile breathing super fast. Her pupils are now large and black as coals. She tries to lift herself up but despite her considerable power, she can't.

She looks down. Every part of her, neck to toe, is tied and bound with rope, belts, anything Samuel could get his hands on. She looks like Gulliver in Lilliput. She makes a terrible shrieking sound, struggling to free herself.

Samuel slinks out of the shadows with his magician's cape on, holding the baseball bat, trembling with fear.

SAMUEL
Mum...

Amelia sees him. She snarls, threatening him.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
I'm not leaving you...

Amelia groans horribly, trying to free herself.

Samuel comes in a touch closer. The monstrous Amelia looks at him, as if trying to register who it is.

Samuel inches in closer, Amelia stops struggling.

He pulls out the bunch of paper flowers. She stares at them, becoming more herself, calming. Sam leans in.

Amelia suddenly yells even louder than before. Samuel runs to the far corner of the basement, scared stiff. She laughs at his terror, a monstrous, agonized laugh.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
We said we'd protect each other...

Some of her ties have come undone. A few of the others are starting to come loose.

Samuel doesn't notice as he sneaks back towards her, trying his hardest to be brave.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
I know you don't love me. The Babadook won't let you. But I love you mummy, ever since I was born and I always will...

The words get in somehow. Amelia's face screws up in pain, fighting this thing that has taken her over.

Another tie works itself loose, she wriggles and moves.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
My dad died because he died. Not because of me.. It's not my fault.

Amelia's face contorts, affected by his words. She gasps for breath, trying to come out of it. A black tear wells up in the corner of her eye. She starts to shake.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
(Desperate) You let it in, you have to get it out!

The tear rolls down her face. A black substance seeps from one nostril. She looks terrible, shaking, trying to come back from the brink.

Samuel starts to cry at the sight, suddenly losing all his strength. The baseball bat goes limp in his arms.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
(Bawling) I don't want you to go away...

Amelia's arm suddenly comes free. Amelia rips the bat out of Sam's hands and throws it across the room. He tries to get away. But before he can escape she's grabbed him.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
NO!... NO, NO!! MUMMY!

Her other hand comes free. Samuel tries to punch and kick her, she tightens the grip on the back of his neck.

She takes both hands and places them round Samuel's neck. She struggles with what she is about to do but loses out.

Slowly but surely, she chokes him.

His little hands pull at her hands around his neck. But she's too strong. Sam's face turns red, he can't breathe.

A look of terrible recognition passes across Amelia's monstrous face as she realizes what she's doing, but still she can't stop. She cries out, trying to summon up strength from the depths. It doesn't come.

Samuel eyes bulge. He takes both hands and with great effort places them on his mother's cheeks. He strokes his mother's face, full of love, trying to get her to stop.

It's heart wrenching. Something snaps in Amelia. Her body shakes violently. Black tears rolling down her face.

She throws Samuel away from her, screaming out as she sends him sliding halfway across the room.

Amelia gets up on all fours, shaking her head from side to side. The movement becomes so quick, so surreal, that her head becomes a violent, screaming blur.

Samuel calls out to his mother, desperate and frightened.

After a time, Amelia's head movements slow down. Then finally, they stop. A long pause.

Amelia suddenly and forcefully vomits up a black substance. It hits the floor urgently. Samuel watches on, speechless. It's horrible, disturbing.

Just as soon as it started, it stops. Amelia falls face forward and lies dead still, her eyes open and staring.

Samuel runs to her. Desperate, he grabs her shirt, pulling her up, her head falls back. He hits her hard on the chest, as hard as he possibly can, over and over.

Amelia inhales like a drowning person coming up for air. She lets out a cry, a human cry this time, full of pain.

Samuel wipes her face and kisses her cheek, grateful she's alive.

Amelia looks around completely disoriented.

112 INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT 112

Amelia limps through the basement door holding her son's hand, slowly coming out of her trance like state. They stand there shell shocked. The house is silent.

A low rumbling starts up. Samuel looks all around him, then to his mum. She looks at him, unnerved.

SAMUEL
'If it's in a word, or it's in a look,
you can't get rid of the Babadook.'

Without warning Samuel's body is suddenly ripped from her arms. An unseen force drags him up the stairs, his body bouncing as he hollers for his life.

Amelia screams as she watches him disappear out of sight.

113 INT. STAIRWELL/AMELIA'S ROOM - NIGHT 113

- Amelia races up the stairs as fast as she can.

- She arrives at the door.

Sam is standing by her bed, his arms rigid. He is picked up and flung against the wall. A sickening thud, he looks like a broken doll. Amelia screams.

She races to Sam, grabs hold of his arms. They're ripped out of her grasp. Sam hits the wall again and again. It's brutal, he starts to lose consciousness.

Amelia grabs Sam's leg, then locks her arms round his waist. She uses all her strength to push him onto the bed, covering him with her body, gripping the edges so she doesn't fly up against the wall herself.

The bed starts to shake violently. A rumbling sound throughout the room. Amelia stares off into the shadows, acknowledging this thing as real for the very first time.

AMELIA
(Desperate) What do you want!

The bed lifts up then slams down violently with them on it. Amelia holds on tighter, Samuel clings to her.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
TELL ME WHAT YOU WANT!!

The bed drops to the floor. The sound stops, replaced by an eerie calm. Sam hides his face in the mattress.

The door creaks open. A figure steps into the light, Amelia stands up on the bed to see who it is. Sam grabs her waist, hides his face in her skirt.

It's Oskar. A look of dread passes over Amelia's face.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Shaking her head) No...

OSKAR
Keep breathing..

A very faint rumble starts up again. Amelia can't take her eyes from her husband, her panic becomes visible.

OSKAR (CONT'D)
Put your seat back sweetheart. Ten more minutes and we're there.

AMELIA
NO...

Amelia shakes, tears forming. The rumbling intensifies.

OSKAR
I think it's going to rain.

Oskar is oblivious to the noise building around him.

AMELIA
STOP!!

Truck tyres skid, brakes screech, horns blaring.

A hot, white light shines in Oskar's face, blinding him. The screeching sound becomes deafening.

Amelia watches as the top half of her husband's head is severed, from the ear on one side to the jaw on the other. His corpse quickly drops to the floor.

Amelia stares at it, her body shakes uncontrollably, tears run down her face. She cries out as if she's being murdered, an unimaginable grief.

A sound starts up, taunting her. '*Bababababababa dook-dook-dook.*'

Amelia watches the corpse suddenly pulled back, swallowed up by the shadows as if it was never there. She searches the dark but can only see a formless shape lurking there.

Her grief and pain transforms into anger. She spits the words out, trembling, hardly able to breathe.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
You....are....nothing.

The hideous growling grows more threatening with her words. Her energy rises visibly. A pure, white hot rage.

AMELIA (CONT'D (CONT'D)
YOU'RE NOTHING!

The hideous shadow grows larger, rising up to the ceiling, terrorizing her. The floors and walls shake.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
This is MY HOUSE! You are trespassing in MY HOUSE!

Its growls turn to a deafening roar as the shadow touches the ceiling, a huge mass of black terror.

Amelia fights a sickening, gut wrenching fear as she finally faces up to this thing.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Not turning away) If you touch my son again, I'll fucking KILL YOU!

Bits of the ceiling fall to the floor. The walls crack.

Sam's body is flipped up and pulled violently towards the shadows. He yells. Amelia grabs him by the hands and yanks him to her, there's no way she's letting go this time. Sam wraps around her waist, she holds him tight.

The sound of the Babadook is deafening. Its presence takes over the room.

Amelia jumps up on the bed end, her son in her arms, and lets out a scream so strong, so piercing, it smashes every window in the room. She looks utterly fierce. A mother enraged, protecting her son.

Her scream dies away, but her eyes are full of life. She searches the darkness.

The huge shadow shrinks down from the ceiling, its growls reduce to a hideous moan. The shadow is slowly and completely lost to the darkness.

The noise of the Babadook stops altogether.

Amelia stands tall on the bed end, searching the shadows, holding her breath.

An unbearable silence.

The outward figure of the Babadook, just like the one in the picture book only life size, rolls in to the edge of the shadows. It looks absurd, creepy, its black arms stretched out like a scarecrow.

Amelia holds her breath, waiting for something to happen.

The ‘figure’ suddenly drops to the ground like a sack. Amelia starts. It collapses into a shapeless mound of hat and coat with nothing underneath.

Amelia slides down to the floor, staring at it, dumbfounded. Sam jumps on the mattress, face down.

A moaning sound starts up under the coat. Hellish, but somehow sad. Amelia inches in to look, her face softens.

SAMUEL
(Looking up, scared) Mum, don’t...

Amelia comes in really close now, reaching out to touch the coat, checking if it’s real.

The Babadook POV. It rises from under the coat up to the ceiling, towering over Amelia, then screeches right down to her face. We don’t see it but she does. It blows the skin back on her face, her eyes widen, her mouth is forced open in a grimace. Just like mask of the Babadook.

And as quick as it appeared, that thing is out of there.

- The Babadook’s POV flying out the door, Amelia and Sam are left behind.

114 INT. LOUNGE ROOM - NIGHT 114

By the time Amelia makes it downstairs, the Babadook has disappeared into the basement, door slamming. She runs over to it, locks the door, takes the key.

Amelia turns. Sam stands opposite her. He cries, then howls, completely overwhelmed, his body shaking.

Amelia races to him, scoops him up. Samuel clings to her for dear life. She strokes his head, kisses his face, holding him as tight as she can.

She takes him to the couch, cradles him in her arms and soothes him with her words. Full of a mother’s love.

They stay there like that for a long time together.

115 INT. MRS ROACH'S FRONT YARD - DAY 115

Sam looks through a window. He has his best clothes on, looking adorable. He sees something, his face lights up.

The front door opens. Sam guides Mrs Roach down the steps, then lets go of her hand and runs to mum.

Amelia scoops Sam up in her arms. She looks different. Stronger. Her eyes more relaxed and alive.

MRS ROACH
Watch your mum’s leg little one.

AMELIA
He’s fine. I’ve had the stitches out.

MRS ROACH
You’ll have to be more careful around the home. It can be a death trap.

AMELIA
(Not a touch of irony) I know.

MRS ROACH
What time’s the party?

AMELIA
Anytime after 3 is fine. Just going to have a bit of real food first, before the sugar onslaught starts.

Samuel snuggles into her. She hugs him back.

MRS ROACH
See you in a few hours then.

Mrs Roach gives them a sweet nana wave. They wave back.

116 INT. LOUNGE ROOM - DAY 116

The lounge room is still run down, but tidy and clean. There are homemade birthday decorations strung up.

Amelia and Samuel sit on the couch, side by side.

The couple from Social Services sit opposite, cups of tea in hand. Amelia is much more grounded in their presence.

PRUE
That school’s a good choice.

AMELIA
I've done a lot of reading about it so.. I think Sam'll be happy there.

WARREN
(Stiff) He's been away from school over two weeks now. Time to get back into it.

AMELIA
(Strong) We needed time to sort things out.

Samuel nestles into his mum. Prue smiles tightly.

PRUE
Are you having a party?

AMELIA
It's Sam's birthday today. We're having a small thing, just a few friends.

SAMUEL
The first birthday I've ever celebrated.

The visitors look a little shocked.

AMELIA
That's not true!

SAMUEL
Yes it is mum. (To the visitors) My first party on the day.

PRUE
(Pointed) That's unusual.

Amelia can see the judgement in the woman's eyes. She decides not to let it go.

AMELIA
(Not a trace of self pity) My husband died the day that Sam was born.

The DOCs couple don't know how to respond.

SAMUEL
He got killed driving mum to the hospital to have me.

Amelia doesn't rush in to rescue them.

The woman mouths the word 'oh'. The man is completely out of his depth, just staring blankly at them.

AMELIA
Sam's just like his dad was, always speaks his mind.

Sam is snuggled right in to his mum, protected.

WELFARE WOMAN
(To Samuel, ignoring what just happened) Birthday parties are always fun, especially when they're yours.

SAMUEL
My cousin was going to come but she's scared of me because I knocked her front tooth out.

Amelia looks to DOCs, a half smile plays on her lips. She looks beautiful.

Prue looks awkward, her cup slipping on the saucer.

AMELIA
(Getting up) I'll take that for you.

117 EXT. GARDEN - DAY 117

A cross section of soil. Bugsy's corpse buried there. The flesh begins to rot. Worms and bugs crawl through it.

Travelling up to the roots of a plant bursting out of the earth. A rose bush. Amelia's tends to the soil around it.

She admires a single black rose in full bloom.

Samuel is nearby, opposite the fence. There's a target painted on it. He has two home made 'nail guns' on either leg. He aims then fires them off in quick succession.

Amelia looks up. The nails hit their mark.

AMELIA
Good shot!

Samuel looks pleased. He runs over to her.

SAMUEL
I'm protecting you mum.

AMELIA
(Genuine) You're doing such a good job.

He runs back to his target, full of beans, firing up again.

Amelia picks up another worm and adds it to a bowl full of them. She takes off her gloves and gets up.

118 INT. BASEMENT DOOR - DAY 118

Amelia is at the door which now has many bolts on it. She undoes them all as Samuel watches. She goes over to where she's put down the bowl of sludge and worms, picks it up.

Sam keeps one eye on her as he tentatively sneaks one foot into the basement. She turns around and sees him.

AMELIA
(Fierce, protective) UH UH UH! NO!

He stops in his tracks.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Moving to him) It's not a game, Sam.

Amelia crouches down to Sam's level, patient and loving.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
One day, when you're a bit bigger. You keep working on your weapons...

Samuel silently accepts what she's offering. For now.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Firm) Go right out into the yard and stay there till I call you, alright?

He nods and runs outside.

119 INT. BASEMENT - DAY 119

Amelia descends the stairs. It's dark and hard to see. A very faint rumbling starts up.

The room is clearer than before. Oskar's things are still there, but now very neatly stacked in one corner.

Amelia places the bowl of slop in the centre of the room. She steps back and waits, peering into the darkness. She's frightened, but does her best to conceal it.

The rumbling increases. She can see a familiar shadow in the corner, moving ever so slightly. A low insect like noise. She braces herself, peering in to try and see it.

A sound behind her. The back of Amelia's head as she turns around, her eyes widening.

Amelia is knocked off balance then twisted and bent backwards. Her arms grab at the air to try and right herself. She grunts and groans, her face is forced to one side. The sounds around her are horrible, threatening.

Amelia seen from above. She is bent right back as she forces her head to look up. She lets out a low guttural warning sound, then a shout, full of power..

Her back releases slightly, she is able to right herself, standing eye to eye with something we don't see. Her face is tense, her pupils dilate. She looks afraid but something else is there now. Something soft and sad.

AMELIA
(Tenderly, through the fear) Ssh.. Ssh... It's alright, it's alright.. Ssh.....

She stays there awhile. Her breathing is laboured, her pupils now huge and black. A tortured moan off screen. She continues to soothe and reassure it, undeterred.

Time stretches. A moment of peace.

Amelia's eyes return to normal. The POV falls away from her, dropping to the floor. Amelia stands over it.

The bowl of slop there on the floor untouched. Nothing else can be seen in the room.

In one quick move the bowl is sucked into the darkness.

Amelia walks backwards to the stairs. She turns and climbs them as quick as she can without running.

120 EXT. GARDEN - DAY 120

Amelia carries a tray filled with sandwiches. She sets it down in front of Samuel. He has his magician's outfit on.

SAMUEL
How was the Babadook?

AMELIA
Pretty quiet today.

Amelia reaches up and undoes his top collar, inspecting the bruises on his neck. She can't hide her shame.

SAMUEL
(Gently) It's much better mummy..

She brings her hand up to stroke his cheek, looking at him with love. She puts a sandwich on Sam's plate.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Wait! I've got a new trick..

He runs to get a silver dome off the ground, races back and plonks it on the table.

SAMUEL (CONT'D)
Life is not always as it seems! (Waving his hands) Nothing in my hands, nothing in my hands.

He makes something appear in his palm, it's a coin.

AMELIA
(Impressed) Very good!

SAMUEL
Wait! I haven't finished..

Amelia watches on, intrigued.

Samuel places the dome over the coin. He grabs a spoon and taps it on the top for special effect. He whips the lid off and underneath is a bird. A real, live bird.

Amelia laughs with surprise.

AMELIA
(Shocked) How did you do that!

The bird flaps around on the table. Samuel does an impromptu jig around his mum, very pleased with himself.

She laughs, enjoying his dance. She tries to grab hold of his arm. He wriggles free, happy, laughing.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
Come here...

Amelia finally catches his arm, drawing him to her. She hugs him and puts him on her lap. He stops wriggling around and settles in, relishing his mother's love.

A quiet beautiful moment, neither of them say a thing. Amelia rubs her son's back, he snuggles into her.

AMELIA (CONT'D)
(Quietly, after more than a moment) Happy birthday sweetheart.

Sam breaks into a smile. He closes his eyes and leans into his mother, his face beaming.

THE END